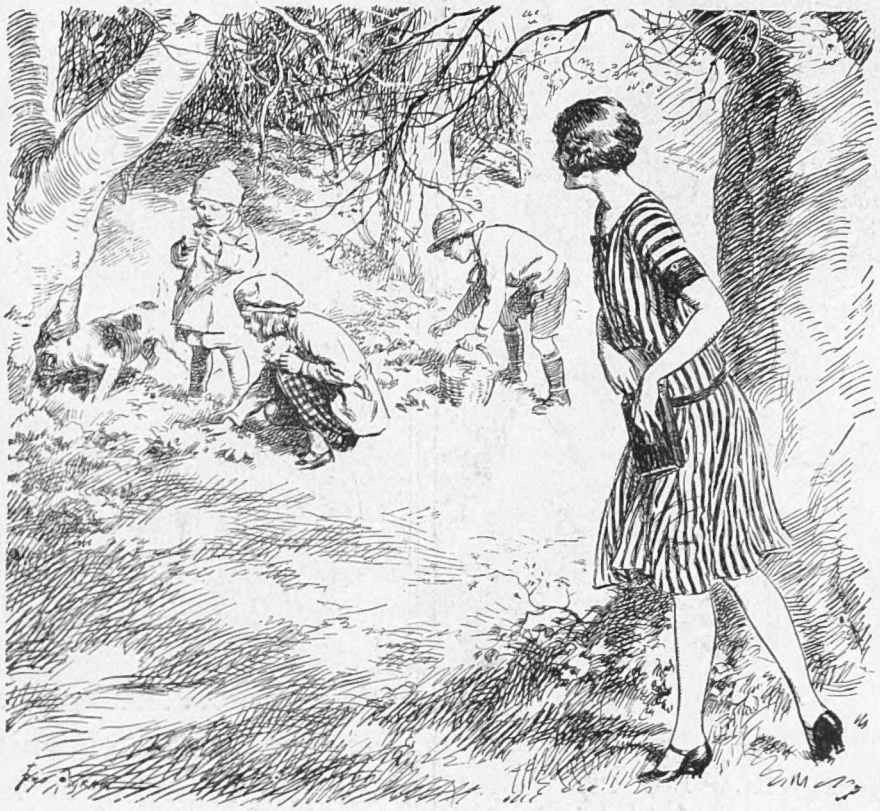

Your Easter!

The first holiday of the year should be celebrated in a fitting and special manner! We all feel that—but it is difficult to think of just the right kind of celebration, isn't it? Well, here's a suggestion—give yourself a "Kodak" and your youngster a "Brownie"! Add picture-making to the joys of Spring and you'll have the happiest holiday of your life.

Wherever you go at Easter, take a

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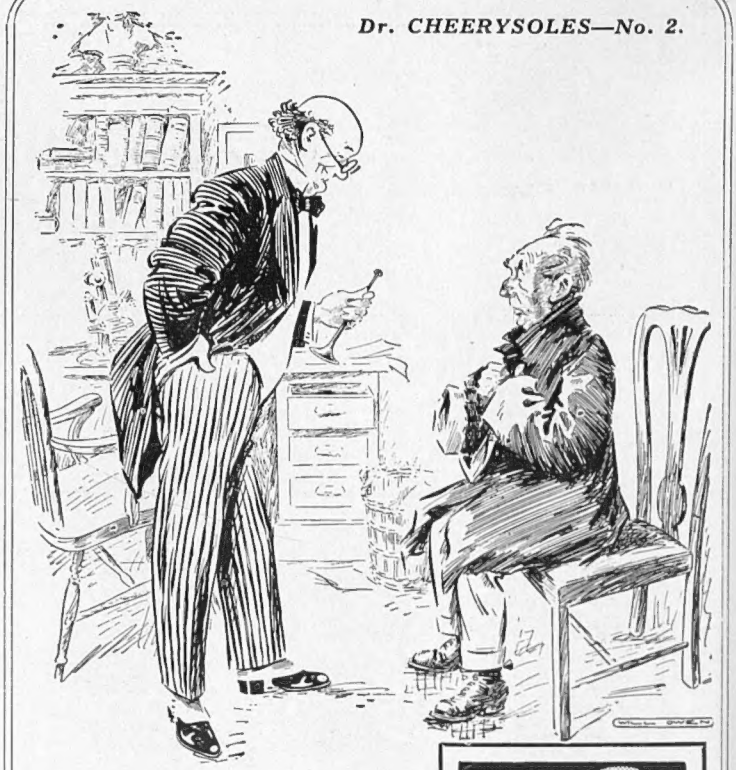
2/3 per ½ lb. box.

"Every piece a pleasure!"

Dr. CHEERYSOLES—No. 2.



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Dr. CHEERYSOLES.

BE fair to yourself this Spring. Remember that standing, sitting, or walking in cold damp feet is the most devitalising thing you can do.

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FOR SPRING

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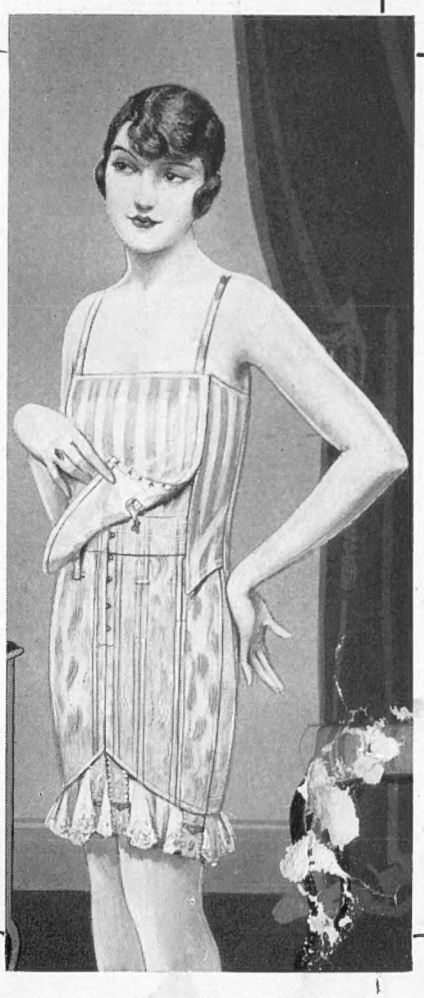

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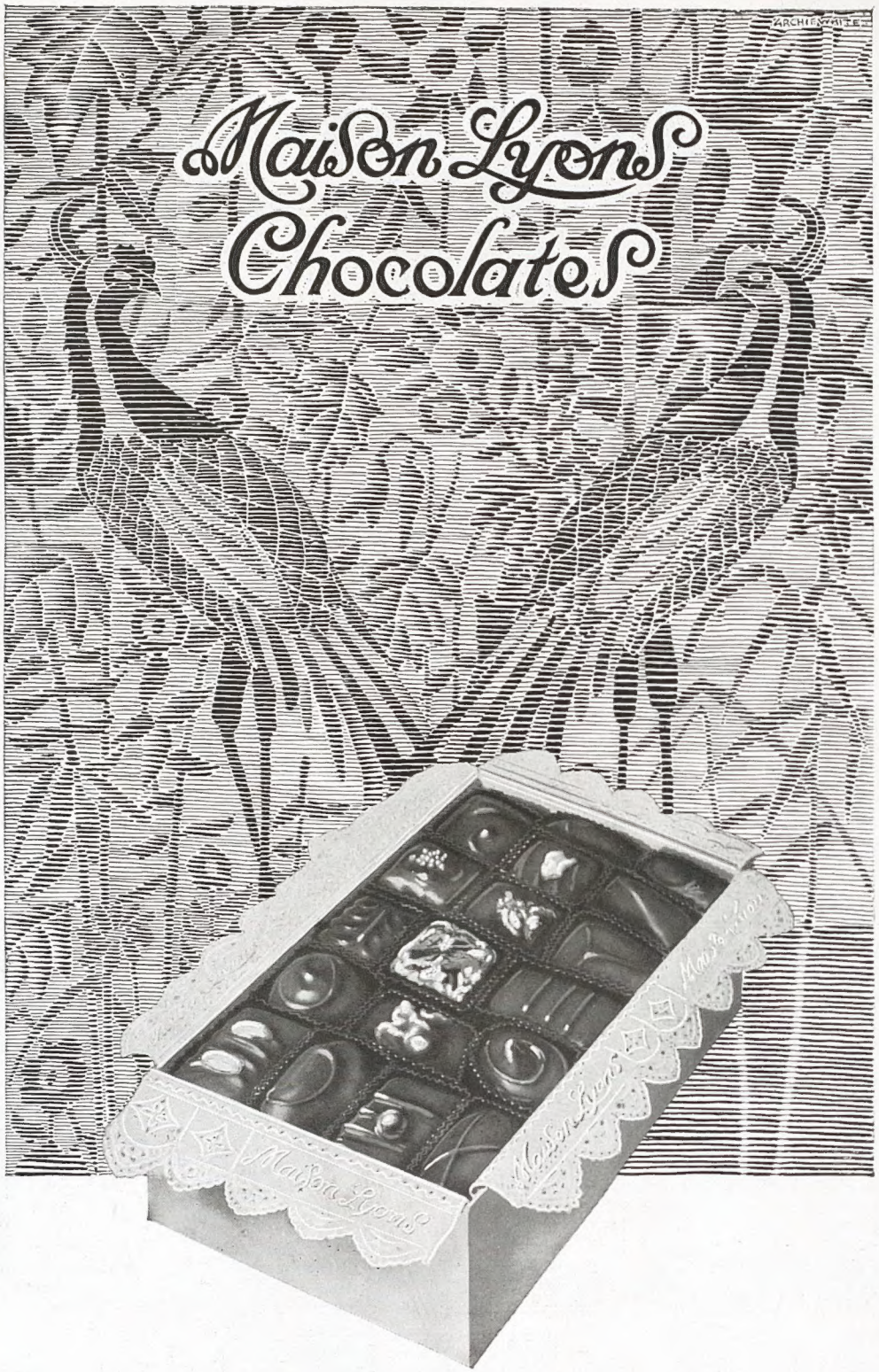

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The Bystander, March 31, 1926 No. 1165. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Bertram Park

THE HON. MRS. ALASTAIR WATSON

Who before her marriage last year to Lord Manton's second brother, was Miss Joan Cobbold. Her residence is Chillesford Lodge, Orford, in Suffolk

Weighty Deeds Afoot

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

TESTING CORN-PLASTERS IN THE SALON OF A FASHIONABLE WEST END CHIROPODIST

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

The First Holiday

EASTER deserves a red mark in the Calendar if only because it is the first of our all-too-few general holidays. At Whitsuntide, the days will be longer, and in August the sun will be stronger; but, on these latter occasions, the joy of novelty will be lacking.

Storm and Shine

THE first holiday is rather like first love. The glass, if one may say so, is now at fair and now at foul, the forecast being generally unsettled. Later on, we learn to love on more level lines, but we are apt to miss that first careless rapture—the easily won happiness and the ever-ready tear. At Easter it is storm and shine, alternating so rapidly that we never quite know where we are.

Losing the Thrill

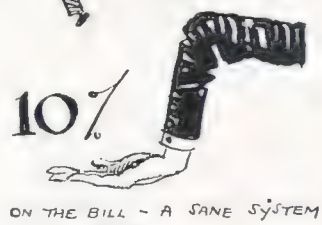
I HAVE been reading some of the Easter holiday literature, and it makes me wish that I could be very young again. Properly to enjoy a holiday, you must be really hungry for it. As we grow more independent, and are able to take holidays more or less when we will, Easter is apt to become rather a bore. Also, there is the great charm of doing a thing for the first time. France for the first time! Switzerland for the first time! Lovely Lucerne! Easter in Paris! Lugano! Easter in Rome! How we thrilled to those magic phrases, and how experience does blunt the edge of happiness, to be sure.

A Sane System

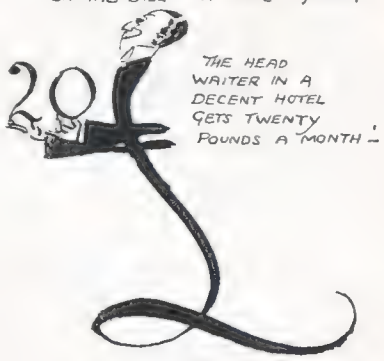
I NOTICE that the vexed question of tipping has been officially raised, but I have little hope that we shall adopt the sane Continental system of ten per cent. on the bill. Those first-time travellers to whom I have referred will be interested to note the smooth working of this excellent plan by which everybody gives and gets his fair share, and, on their return, they will marvel that the system has not spread to these islands.

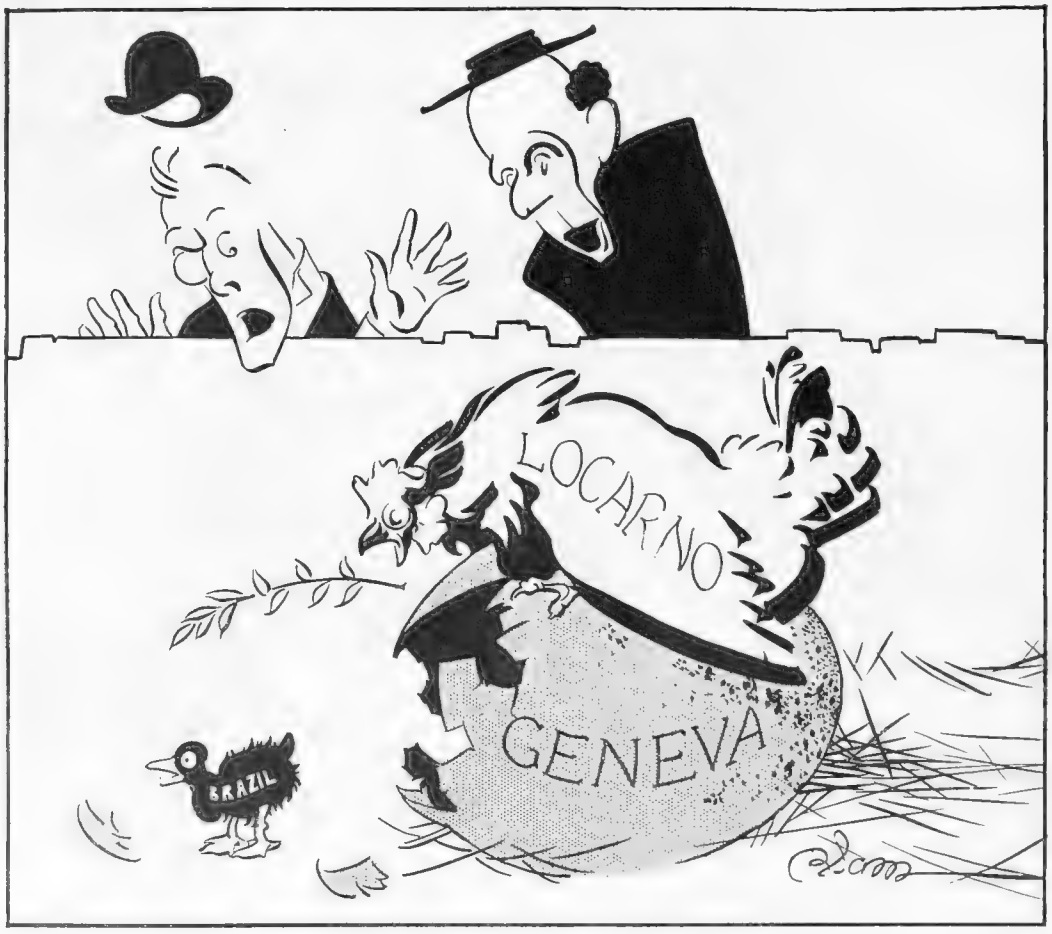
No Injustice

THE Editor of the "Hotel Review" has been showing us how it works. I don't propose to follow him too deeply, but his scale proves that there should be no injustice following the adoption of the scheme. Thus, the head waiter in a decent hotel gets over twenty pounds in a month, while the chambermaid does not get less than seven pounds for a like period. No cause for complaint here.



ON THE BILL — A SANE SYSTEM —





By Blam

EASTER 1926: "THE UGLY DUCKLING!"

How Now—Brindle Bull?

If I were one of those young men who write popular songs, I would start in at once to enquire, "Why does a bull-dog look so sad?" I am not trying to be political in making this query, and there is no subtle propaganda about it at all. The British bulldog, we know, has every reason to turn sad and mournful eyes upon the world; but I am referring to the ordinary common or kennel bulldog of the back-yard and the show-ring. Particularly the show-ring, for it was at the Championship Show that my attention was first drawn to this natural phenomenon.

A Sort of Receipt

It will be a great comfort to all of us that a change in the affections does not necessarily imply a change of jewellery. Thus, if I receive a diamond ring from my young woman as a sort of receipt for my proposal of marriage, and if she subsequently decides to marry the milkman because the wet weather has made him richer than me—then, I may retain the ring and, what's more, I jolly well mean to do so.

Running a Risk

As I have not yet made up my mind to buy a car, owing to the rival claims of the Rolls-Royce, the Wolseley, the Alvis, the Bean, the Lanchester, the Crossley and the invincible Talbot, I am at the mercy of those kind-hearted enthusiasts who take me about the country in their own especial vehicles. I admit I am running a risk, and the possibility of disaster has given me much food for thought. By way of raising the standard of driving among my friends, I recently decided to issue a certificate, in which, at the end of a run, I mark my safe return and my appreciation of the efforts made on my behalf.

This is to Certify—

My latest certificate was issued to the driver who took me to Eastbourne to see the provincial production of Leon M. Lion's new play, due, I believe, at the Garrick just about now. They are taking a lot of trouble with the Eastbourne road and, one of these days, it will be one of the best ways of getting out of London, though I don't suppose the roads of Sussex will ever compare with the roads of Kent, which have a strategic significance and are wonders of the road-maker's art. Just at present, the Eastbourne road is "in the making" at a point some twelve miles from the seaside town, so proceed warily hereabouts this Eastertide.

A Picture of Paddington

Eastbourne itself was being bobbed and shingled, and will be looking very neat by the time these lines appear. Not so neat as Torquay, which always gives me the impression that it has been taken out of a band-box; and neater than St. Ives, which has a jolly air of living its own life in spite of the "foreigners" who come hustling westward on the Cornish Riviera express.

A Saner Standpoint

Visitors to a recent meeting of the Theatrical Managers' Association sat on the crest of the wave of the modern tendency for salacious and unpleasant plays. Everyone present seemed to agree that the limit had been reached and that we are returning to a saner standpoint. The Censor told us that he had already refused to license, in three months, only one play less that he banned in the whole of last year, and as there has been no particular outcry from the Press, we may presume that he will be encouraged to create a record in this direction before the year is out.

The Box Office Talks

The greatest argument in favour of a cleaner stage is that clean plays have been making most of the money during the past twelve months and, after all, it is the box office that talks the language most readily understood by the theatrical manager. *Rose Marie* and *Mercenary Mary* are white as the driven snow, and *No No Nanette* is another case in point. Another American success, *Is Zat So?* is just jolly fun, and so is *The Best People;* while *Mr. Pepys,* at the Royalty, is building up to a success that should rival *The Farmer's Wife* and *The Beggar's Opera,* which it rather closely resembles. These little phases pass, and I am sorry for the nasty-minded gent. who tries to sell a dirty play in six months' time.

Everybody Happy

Two welcome items of news hit me in the eye as I read my morning paper. The taxi-drivers have followed my advice—I must take the credit—and will drive us about the West End at an all-round reduction with a charge of six-pence for the first half-mile. As a result, we shall all use taxis and general happiness and prosperity will result. The other welcome news is that an inland Cash on Delivery parcel service will have been instituted by the time you read this: welcome to a very sane and sound innovation.

Zero Hour at Addington

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impressions of the hardy wights who set forth in the teeth of a biting nor'-easter to do battle for "The Bystander" Challenge Trophy at Addington

[*An illustrated account of the Competition appears on pages 792 and 793.*]

G.P.U.

THE OUTSIDE LIMIT!

The sensational finish of the Lincolnshire Handicap, showing King of Clubs, a rank outsider, winning from Zionist, with Vesington Star third

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

I. B.

ROYALTY AT THE RACES

Prince Henry at the Grand Military Steeplechases which were recently held at Sandown Park and provided much keen sport. Prince Henry is accompanied by Sir Richard Cruise

The Late Dowager Queen of Denmark

SCARCELY is the mourning ended for Queen Alexandra when the Court again goes into mourning for the Dowager Queen of Denmark, who was Queen Alexandra's sister-in-law. By a curious coincidence both sisters-in-law were the wives of the heirs to the thrones of England and Denmark for thirty-seven years before their husbands succeeded.

The late Queen Louise was born a Princess of Sweden and Norway, and married the late King of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's elder brother, so long ago as 1869, and at a time when Denmark was still smarting under the loss of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. There was a certain amount of feeling in Denmark against the marriage, as the Danish people thought that if Sweden and Norway (then a joint kingdom) had come to their help against Prussia in the struggle for the Duchies, the issue would have been different. However, the whole-hearted devotion of the late Queen, both as Crown Princess and Queen Consort, to the welfare of the people, and especially her increasing interest and help in all charitable schemes, gradually removed whatever antagonism there may have been in the beginning.

King Frederick of Denmark had inherited much of the diplomatic gift of his mother—also Queen Louise—who was known as "the Mother-in-Law of Europe." His death was so sudden and the circumstances so painful that the late Queen Dowager did not recover from the shock for some years. Returning to Denmark from the South of France, they broke the journey at Hamburg, staying *incognito* in an hotel. On the evening of their arrival, King Frederick went for a walk unattended. He was seized with sudden illness in the street, and taken to a hospital on an ambulance, in which he died on the way. The body lay all that night and until early the next morning in the hospital mortuary, and was only recognised when the Queen and her attend-

British Illus.

BETWEEN RACES

Another photograph from the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park. It shows Lord and Lady Londonderry on their way to the paddock

Sport & General

IN LEICESTERSHIRE

Colonel H. C. S. Combe (left), Lady Moira Combe and Captain and Mrs. Buckmaster defying the gentle English Spring. The photograph was taken at the Fernie Hunt Point-to-Point and Oxford and Cambridge Inter-'Varsity Point-to-Point at Saddington

Sport & General

IN GOOD COMPANY

Miss E. Brunton, with two "supporters" in the shape of Mrs. L. W. Crouch's Salukis, "Orchard Masouda" and "Orchard Marid" at the City and Suburban Society's Show at the Crystal Palace. These two entrants won seven first prizes and the Cup for the Best Dog

P. & A. Photo

WELL OVER

The Prince of Wales on "Passport II" riding for the Welsh Guards in the Brigade of Guards Inter-Regimental Race at the Grafton Hunt Meeting. The races took place at Pattishall, near Northampton.

ants, alarmed by King Frederick's failure to return to the hotel, informed the Hamburg police of his disappearance.

Two Tragedies

Two tragedies have happened within the last few days, and both from maladies which belong to tropical regions and not to this country. Lady Edward Hay has died of sleeping sickness, and Major Yerburgh of the effects of a mosquito bite.

Lord Edward Hay is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Marquis of Tweeddale. He is thirty-eight and Lord Tweeddale is forty-two, yet their father, the tenth marquis, was born exactly a hundred years ago.

This curious separation in age between father and children is explained by the fact that the tenth marquis did not marry until he was fifty-two. Lady Edward Hay was only thirty.

Major Yerburgh was in the Guards. A little time ago he was bitten on the leg by a mosquito. The end came with astonishing rapidity from blood-poisoning. He went all through the War untouched. He was rich, and most happily married to a daughter of Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who was British Ambassador in Vienna when the War broke out. He was thirty-three, one of those rare men who give back to the world all that the world gives to them, and the bite of a mosquito has ended a happy and mos[illegible] useful career practically at its outse[illegible]

It is man[illegible] years since I have known suc[illegible] poignant sorrow amongst a circle of friends as that caused by Major Yerburgh's dea[illegible] He took no notice of the mosquito bite. Who would? Besides, who expects to be bitten by a mosquito in England in March?

This tragedy—and only his family and those who know Major Yerburgh can understand what a tragedy it is—ought to make everybody with standing water in their gardens or under their control—lakes and ponds, etc.—pour petroleum round the sides. This kills the eggs of the mosquitoes. The petroleum is not a pretty sight on the water, but rather that than the mosquitoes, illness, and possible death.

Alfieri

IN THE PADDOCK

Lord Grenfell, on "Warwick," snapped at the Garth Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Arborfield Cross, near Reading

Topical

"ON THE RAILS"

A foursome of onlookers at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Barraby. The photograph shows Lady Blandford (left), Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson and Lord Blandford

In a smallish pond a fountain does the work of the petroleum. The constant movement of the water against the grasses on the edges of the pond washes away the mosquito eggs which are laid there to be hatched by the sun.

A London Palace

There is, I hear, to be a big political party at Bridgewater House during the season, the first time the house has been opened for entertaining on any large scale since the War. As Lord and Lady Ellesmere's eldest daughter,

Sport & General

THE "HEAT" OF BATTLE

A view of the end of one of the preliminary heats of the Hundred Yards in the Eton Sports. The photograph, which was taken at Timbralls, shows that interest in the early rounds was by no means lacking

Lady Anne Egerton, comes out this year, presumably there will be other entertaining besides the big political party.

Bridgewater House, which is one of the few remaining palace-houses in London, was commandeered by the Government during the War. The furniture and pictures—some of the latter extremely valuable—were warehoused in various repositories, and all the groups of statuary were boarded up. The task of gathering the furniture and pictures together again when the house was returned to its owner was a long and difficult one, as the things were here, there and everywhere, and in the hurry of this forced removal only inadequate lists had been taken.

Bridgewater House was built by the first Lord Ellesmere, and was a copy of an old palace in Mantua, with the difference that the open courtyard, with a fountain in the centre of the original, was roofed over in the replica in London.

The first Lord Ellesmere, who was a son of the first Duke of Sutherland, inherited the property of the canal-making and immensely wealthy Duke of Bridgewater. Gossip of the time had it that his wife, a sister of Charles Greville, the diarist, being envious of Stafford House, which her sister-in-law, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and the second Duke of Sutherland had made so magnificent, persuaded her husband to build a palace equally if not more magnificent. Hence Bridgewater House, within a stone's throw of Stafford House.

The great central hall and the suite of reception-rooms overlooking the Green Park are the finest in any house in London. They have not been opened for considerably over twelve years, except for War-employed clerks.

Photo Press

THE FIRST WINNER

Miss Crabtree leading in the winner of the first race of the Flat Season at Lincoln. The horse, "Invermark," with Perryman up, is owned by Mr. Crabtree

Sport & General

THE WINNERS

The Cambridge Golf Team which beat Oxford by nine matches to six at Burnham in Somerset. The photograph shows: standing, A. Fell (left), R. Scott-Moncrieff, the Hon. R. B. Gurdon, J. S. T. Hawkes, H. P. Bageley, H. P. Clough, E. G. B. Faulkner and R. W. A. Speed. Sitting Rex Hartley (left), J. S. C. Maughan, H. F. Robinson, and G. H. Grimwade

A Busy Peer

THE Socialists and Communists are rather inclined to sit up and say that peers are lazy parasites. But what would the Socialists and Communists make of Lord Desart, who with his Countess is paying a visit to their daughter, Lady Sybil Scott, at the Villa Medici, near Florence, where Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles spent part of their honeymoon? In parenthesis, Lady Desart is Lord Lascelles's aunt, being Lord Harewood's sister.

Lord Desart has had a varied career. He began as a midshipman in the Navy. Then he became a barrister, and from that legal position was successfully Director of Public Prosecutions, Solicitor to the Treasury, and King's Proctor. And he has done lots of other things besides, such as being Lord-Lieutenant of County Kilkenny, Senator of South Ireland, and a member of the Permanent Arbitration Court at the Hague.

Alfieri

AL FRESCO

Lady Millicent Taylour (left) and her mother, Lady Headfort, in the sunshine at Biarritz. North-east winds are conspicuous by their absence in this favoured spot, which does not know the dubious joys of an English Spring

An Hotel to Know

WHY is it, I wonder, that certain foolish people can never believe that a really first-class hotel can exist further east than, say, Wellington Street? Your Bystander recently attended the re-opening of the famous Howard Hotel, in Norfolk Street, Strand, which has been re-decorated, refitted, and renovated in the most up-to-date manner. It is remarkable how well situated is the Howard, for not only is it on the inner fringe of the West End, but it is within easy reach of the Law Courts and the Houses of Parliament, and is therefore most accessible to lawyers and politicians, two bodies of folk who have the reputation for possessing many of the great army of *gourmets*. The cuisine, cellars, and accommodation being all that man could desire, I can safely assure you, my gentles, that whether you go to the Howard to dine, to dance, or to sleep, you will have good cause to rejoice that you paid this hotel a visit.

Alfieri

TAKING IT EASY

Mr. Claude Gassiat, Mr. Harry Boyd and Major Eustace Quilter enjoy a rest from the greatest of "round" games. The photograph was taken on the links at Biarritz

The Riviera Week by Week

Alfieri

"A LA CHASSE"

Mrs. Harvey with her daughter, Miss Inez Harvey and Mme. Sarlin at a meet of the Biarritz Hounds, which have been providing good sport this season

IF the future programme of naval manœuvres should be left to the officers of the British Mediterranean Fleet to draw up, without the interference of the Lords of the Admiralty, there is every reason to believe that they will make their headquarters on the French Riviera. Both the officers and the men were obviously delighted with the warmth of their welcome, which could not have been more cordial or enthusiastic, and with the weather, which could scarcely have been finer, with the exception of the last Sunday of their stay, which turned out to be rather showery for these parts.

THE senior officers had plenty of facilities for golf, tennis and polo, some of them taking part with credit in the tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club, while there were dinners and dances nightly along the whole coast for their benefit. The big garden-party and dance at Lady Boot's beautiful villa was a brilliant success, and the ball on board H.M.S. *Resolution* a few nights later, to which many of the leading members of the British colony were invited, went with a swing, as might have been expected, although owing to the reputation which the naval visitors had acquired as dancing partners during their stay we had more than an ample allowance of ladies. One of the last functions of the week was the *thé-dansant* at the Cercle Nautique, in the course of which some of the officers of the Fleet gave a thrilling and realistic performance of a Maori war-dance.

ALTOGETHER it has been one of the most strenuous weeks here for many years. Every day there were big crowds at the international tennis tournament, which went off splendidly. Tournaments always do at the Cannes Tennis Club, which has always been British-owned, and is now to pass under the control of a group of the leading members, Mr. H. E. Atkinson having decided to retire from active management. The Earl of Balfour, looking very well after his recent illness, and who seems delighted to be back in his old quarters at the Beau-Site Hotel, has been watching the play daily and basking in the sun. Last year, owing to his visit to Palestine, he missed what had been for about sixty years an annual holiday here, and now he is meeting all his old friends in the local tennis world, where he is one of the most distinguished figures.

THE Battle of Flowers, thanks largely to the criticisms which had followed the somewhat disappointing Mimosa Fête a few weeks ago, was really a great success, and one of the best we have ever had. The committee had worked hard to secure the full support of the Casino, the leading hotels, and the residents, and the result was a wonderful display of nearly seventy decorated cars and carriages, many of them strikingly original and beautiful. There was an enormous attendance, which included the King of Sweden, ex-King Manoel and his wife, and Rear-

BORDIGHERA FINALISTS
Miss Woolrych and her partner, Cyril Tolley, the well-known golfer, at the Bordighera Tournament. They reached the final of the Mixed Doubles

Admiral Staveley, and many of the officers of the Fleet.

ANOTHER great event was the gala performance of the Russian Ballet of Serge Diaghileff from Monte Carlo at the theatre of the Cannes Casino, in aid of Franco-Russian charities, which drew a crowded and brilliant audience. The ballets given were Schumann's "Carnival" and the "Boutique Fantasque," and both were admirably staged, although there were murmurs of sympathy with the unfortunate Pierrot in the first ballet when he threw himself down near the footlights—and was almost lost to view in a cloud of dust! Many large dinner parties were given for the occasion, and the King of Sweden, who nominally resides in Nice but is almost always in Cannes this year, dined with his friends, Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, afterwards occupying one of the stage boxes.

THE regatta began at Nice on the 18th, and there are in all thirty-four yachts of various types taking part, some of them owned by English residents. With light breezes and a temperature which for weeks past has only varied between 55° and 63° Fahr., sailing has been a most enjoyable pastime, and yachting and motor-boating are steadily on the increase along the Côte d'Azur, not merely in winter, but in the summer also, when the sea air is far more bracing and healthy than many people would imagine who have never sampled for themselves the Riviera climate after the fashionable season is over. The Nice regatta is to be followed by the one at Cannes, which lasts from April 3 to 17, and has been endowed with many valuable prizes.

A NEW feature of the programme of entertainments at Nice is an international dancing competition, which begins shortly at the Ruhl Hotel and lasts for eight days. The contests take place each day at tea-time, the finals being held during a dinner on the 25th, and the prizes being distributed at a gala ball the following night. If dancing on the Riviera needs any stimulus, which I take leave to doubt, this competition will supply it. Much regret, by the way, has been expressed locally at the illness of the popular novelist, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who has a villa on the Nice Golf Course, and who had to undergo an operation in the Montboron Hospital shortly after his return with Mrs. Oppenheim from their cruise in the Eastern Mediterranean. Fortunately the writer is progressing satisfactorily. DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Photographs *C. N. Daly*

AT BORDIGHERA
Señorita E. de Alvarez, the famous Spanish player, photographed on the courts

Sport on the Riviera

ON the Riviera this season it has so far been a case of *place aux dames* in lawn tennis. Even after Mlle. Lenglen had retired temporarily from the lists, the doings of Miss Helen Wills and her rivals, Señorita de Alvarez and Mlle. Vlasto—to name only the two nearest, since there have been several others in the running—have monopolised the attention of the sight-seeing public (to say nothing of the Press), somewhat to the exclusion of sundry players of the male sex, whose presence might be calculated to add to the lustre even of Wimbledon. For this reason I feel impelled to mention that we have had some really fine men's tennis out here of late. We have seen H. Cochet, the third best player in France, in all his glory, a man whose technique is so perfect that he positively refuses to treat any stroke that he may be called upon to negotiate as a difficult one, and we have seen him beaten (at Nice) by the Italian champion, H. L. de Morpurgo, who is like unto him in the way in which, when really keyed up, he gives full rein to his natural ability for "going one better" when the average man would be thankful if he managed to get the ball back somehow.

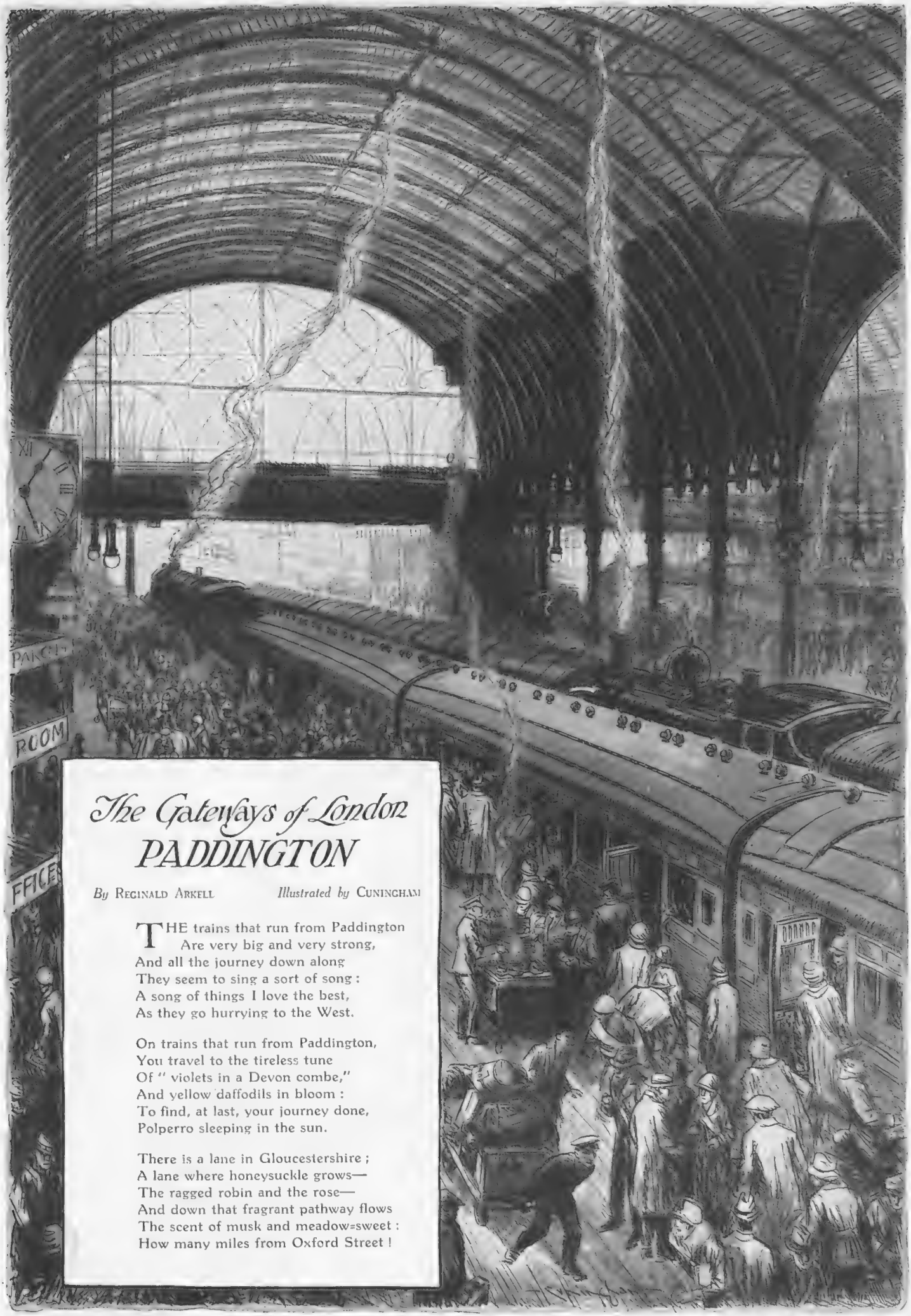
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN, who won two second prizes in the handicaps at Nice with Mrs. Lambert Chambers and his compatriot, Mr. G. Setterwall, respectively, was competing with unabated zest at the Cannes Club's open meeting which followed. Here he entered for the championship doubles with Morpurgo, and they got through two rounds before being beaten by the crack French pair, Aron and Poulin. At this tournament the English veteran, Brame

THE INTERNATIONAL NOTE
Miss Helen Wills (right) with Frau N. Neppach, the champion of Austria and Germany. Miss Helen Wills won with the loss of only three games

Hillyard, played a very fine game when he met Cochet in the singles, and, though beaten eventually, won the second set by dint of some valiant hitting. No doubt he was inspired by the recollection that at this same tournament last year he took a set off the invincible Lacoste, who has lately been doing such big things in America.

ON the second day of Nice Regatta England swept the board in the two international classes. General Sir Arthur Paget's *Siris* was first in the eight-metre class, and Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's *Capelle* was first in the six-metre class. These two smart boats had been first several times since the regattas of the littoral started at Monaco about a month ago, but had never before won on the same day. I hope that further successes await them at Cannes Regatta, which starts on April 3 and goes on until the 16th. Here there are to be motor boat races as well as sailing races for all classes of racers, from the eight-metres down to the tiny little one-design "Minimas," and including handicap races for cruisers and ex-racers, so that with such a diversified programme a fortnight of real good sport is assured.

H. S. S



The Gateways of London
PADDINGTON

By Reginald Arkell *Illustrated by* Cuningham

THE trains that run from Paddington
Are very big and very strong,
And all the journey down along
They seem to sing a sort of song:
A song of things I love the best,
As they go hurrying to the West.

On trains that run from Paddington,
You travel to the tireless tune
Of "violets in a Devon combe,"
And yellow daffodils in bloom:
To find, at last, your journey done,
Polperro sleeping in the sun.

There is a lane in Gloucestershire;
A lane where honeysuckle grows—
The ragged robin and the rose—
And down that fragrant pathway flows
The scent of musk and meadow-sweet:
How many miles from Oxford Street!

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

"What do typists read?" asks a periodical. Very often, we understand, the characters of dictators.

. . . . . .

We read that editors are generally inclined to be thin. We have in our time, however, come across many thick Eds.

. . . . . .

A Yorkshire lady has been fined for throwing henna in the face of an acquaintance. It is obvious in this case that the dye was cast effectually.

. . . . . .

"After the Eton crop—what?" asks a lady correspondent. Some sewing, we trust.

. . . . . .

"What is the most distressing sight you ever witnessed in a ball-room?"

"A suspender that had fallen from Grace!"

. . . . . .

Cricketers, we are told, frequently make admirable golfers. It seems queer considering their interests lie in different spheres.

A Mournful Lay.

My wife is upset
At the Government, yet
She declares she is anxious to aid 'em:
She says she could pull Parliamentary strings;
She knows what is wrong with Republics and Kings;
But as for my shirts and my collars and things—
Why, she never knows where she has laid 'em!

Myself and my sons
Have got two chicken-runs,
Which are smart as can be, for we made 'em.
We shove ev'ry fowl in a separate pen,
And each morning we pick up the eggs (nine or ten),
But I haven't much use for one silly old hen,
For she never knows where she has laid 'em!

There's a bookie I know,
Who is quite comme il faut;
When his clients have won, he has paid 'em;
But his methods are far too much go-as-you-please,
He is keen upon trees, and on birds, and on bees,
But when it comes down to the question of gees—
Why, he never knows whether he's "laid" 'em!

Lines on Receiving a Portrait.

"Camera studies of modern girls are terribly misleading."
Daily Paper.

Phyllis, when I have seen you, brisk and glowing;
Although too cheeky and too pert by half,
In skirts, alas, so prodigally showing
A prominent expanse of fatted calf;
When I've observed you lifting up your elbow,
To quaff a cocktail (encored by the by),
And heard you jabbering about some swell beau,
Frankly, dear Phyllis, I could almost cry.

Now comes your photo. What a transformation!
"The light that never was on sea or land"
Gleams in your eyes; your look of exultation,
If I may say so, simply beats the band.
Surely within that parted mouth, no butter
Could ever melt. My wits must be awry
To think those rosebud lips could ever utter
Slang that would shock 'em at "The Troc," or "Cri."!

Phyllis, I thank you. Grief has oft come o'er me,
When I've reflected on the hours you keep,
Your anecdotes have never failed to bore me;
Your taste in dress has made me yearn to weep;
But now that I can gaze upon your photo,
And see you look ethereal and "pi,"
My point of view has changed, my dear, in toto;
I only want to laugh until I cry!

. . .

An agricultural labourer has composed an operette. We wonder whether there will be a Bach to the land movement in it.

. . .

People are still complaining of the high cost of electricity. Certainly the charge of the light brigade strikes us as excessive.

. . .

Answer to Correspondent:—No, Bobby, Union Jack is not the patron saint of England.

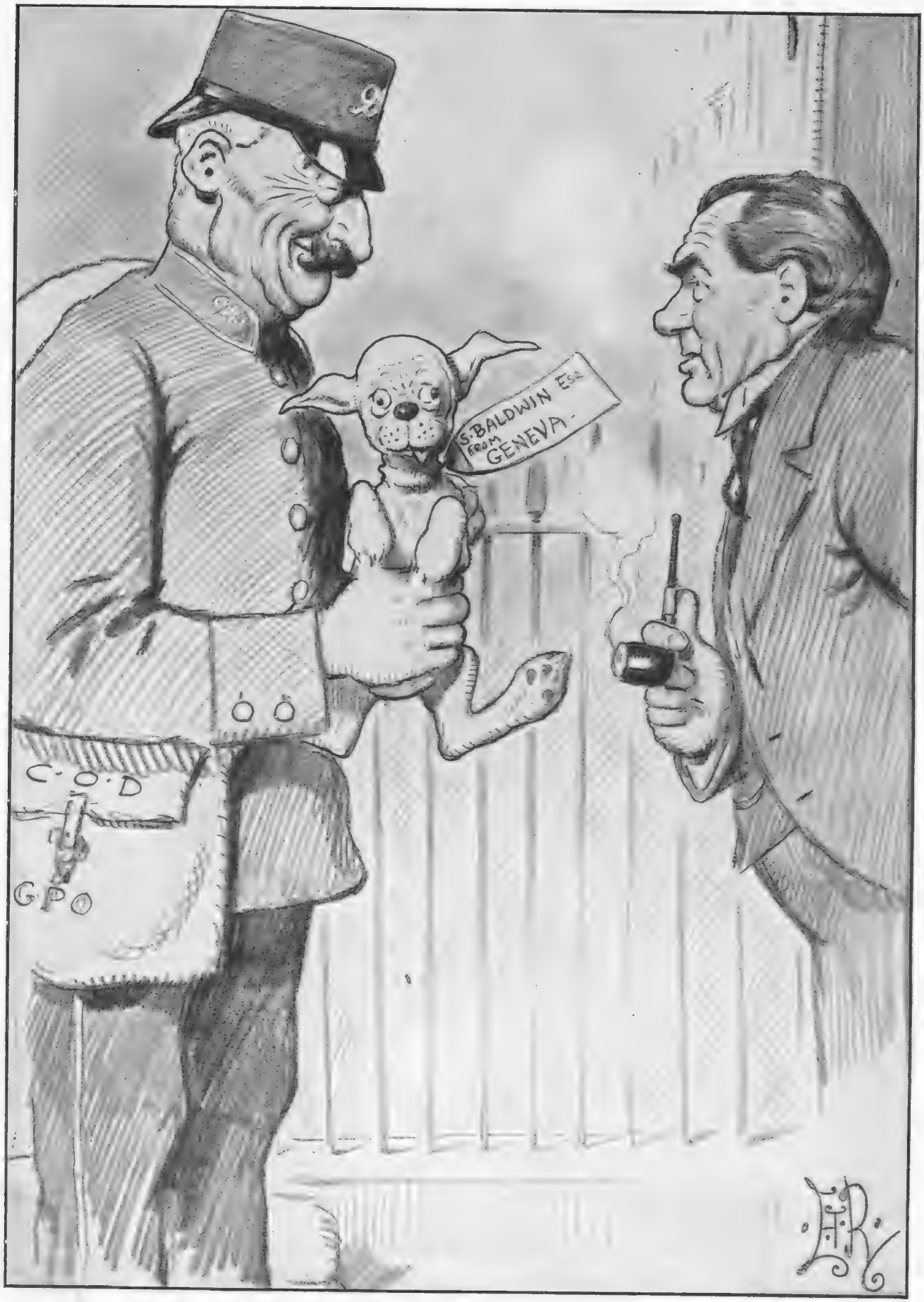
By L. R. Brightwell

JAZZ SO!

Clarence: "Pretty full of beans, an' all that, I mean to say, what?"

Keeper (a dance fiend when off duty): "Yes sir—they're Jazzelles"

"Shopping By Post"



BY E. T. REED

BALDWIN: "*That* for *me*? Rubbish, my good man! The only thing I expected from Geneva was a set of extra-large haloes—for myself and the Cabinet!"

POSTMAN: "Well, *this is wot they've sold you, Sir. any 'ow!*"

Produced February 15, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS latest American importation has very properly caught the fancy of Town. It is true it is not to be considered as a serious effort of drama—for which relief, much thanks! On the other hand, it is an extremely diverting hotch-potch of prize-fighting, love-making and American slang. The leading spirits are Mr. Robert Armstrong and Mr. James Gleason, two cross-talk comedians of the popular kind, who keep the house in a state of liquid mirth, as you might say, for an entire evening. "Chick" Cowan (Mr. Armstrong), for instance, who should have graduated as the lightweight champion of Everywhere, has proved so far to be merely a "horizontal fighter" who "hits the mat" too often for his health either physical or financial. The "egg" (fellow) proves, in short, to be "apple sauce" (no good), and they "gave him the air" (threw him out) as a third-rate "sock-peddler" (prize-fighter). This is a modest sample of the slang occasionally used in the play, and it is considerate of the management, to say the least, to give away, as they do, a glossary of terms with every programme.

THE scene of the play is New York—Fifth Avenue, to be precise. When the curtain rises we see "Chick" Cowan seated on a park bench with a humble and a contrite heart, in consequence of his latest exploit in having "hit the mat" in an important fight. "Hap" Hurley, his manager, is standing by him with a bitter smile, flinging at him all kinds of biting reproaches, in the face of which "Chick" writhes visibly. At one point indeed it looks as if the manager (Mr. Gleason) were about to give "Chick" a "sock" on his own account, in order to impart a fitting emphasis to his contemptuous wrath; but he wisely restrains himself, if only from the natural desire to avoid the risk of depreciating his principal asset. About this time a young man about town, having dined and wined royally, strolls on the scene, and at once wants to start a fight for the sheer joy of having a row. That's the spirit! In the old days at the Alhambra, the stalwart, official thrower-out used to have quite a busy time with young gentlemen animated by this same reckless longing, but to my mind there was too much clinching about the busy journey downstairs to make it a really sporty event.

Stage Photo Co.

'THEY ALSO SERVE—"
George Curzon (left) as Robert Parker appears oblivious of the amateurish attempts of "Hap" Hurley (James Gleason) and "Chick" Cowan (Robert Armstrong) to wait on Master James Parker (Peter Dearing). Mrs. Parker (Amy Brandon-Thomas), however, appears quite amused

THE young blood of New York, Mr. Clinton Blackburn, having thrown off his coat expectantly, is tactfully informed that there can be no fight, as, first, he is not sober enough for the job, and, secondly, the man he is up against is "Chick" Cowan, who could pulp him all up with one hand if he wanted to be unkind. Mr. Blackburn rejoices to find himself in such eminent company. He needs an expert boxer to train him and give him lessons, so that in due course he will be able to call on an offensive relative and knock the fellow's face out of shape, and with this benevolent prospect in view he engages "Hap" and "Chick," as butler and footman respectively, at his Fifth Avenue mansion. The bickering between the two that was begun in the park is continued after they have been admitted to Mr. Blackburn's house, where "Chick," coming very hungry to a hospitable board, is roundly abused by his sarcastic manager for being a "table finisher," which, being interpreted, means a glutton.

THE head of the house in Fifth Avenue is Mr. Robert Parker, the villain of the piece. "Chick" at once recognises Parker as a man he has met before in an unfavourable light, but cannot place him all at once. Meanwhile the two go about their business as servants in the house. "Hap," the manager, in-

JAMES GLEASON AS "HAP" FALLS FOR A JANE IN THE SHAPE OF THE STENOGRAPHER (MARJORIE ROSSLAND)

deed, takes his duties so seriously that when Mr. Parker shows signs of quarrelling with his breakfast, there is talk of giving him a corrective "sock in de nose." Then Mr. Hobart, a friend of the family, calls and hears that the new footman fancies

". . . EIGHT NINE, TEN" *Stage Photo Co.*

"Chick" Cowan is counted out by Major Fitz-Stanley after being floored by John Duffy, the chauffeur (Jack Perry), to the consternation of "Hap"

himself as a boxer. It happens that his chauffeur, John Duffy, also something of an aspiring pugilist, is spoiling for a fight with a competent man, and it is therefore proposed to match him against "Chick" in a private bout in one of the larger rooms of the house. Mr. Hobart is, in fact, so sure that Duffy can beat "Chick" that he bets heavily on the result, and induces several of the ladies to do the same. "Hap" is all smiles at the prospect. He knows that "Chick" is in good form, and cannot possibly fail against a raw amateur like Duffy. So the floor is cleared and the company gather round.

Mrs. Robert Parker, the hostess, is put in charge of the gong, and has the responsibility of giving the signal to start the fighting. Both the men are stripped and in their corners, and the referee is in the middle of the ring explaining the terms of the contest, when suddenly the gong rings. The men, from force of habit, rush at each other, and the unhappy referee, caught unawares between them, has his face all but pushed in before he can extricate himself from the mix-up. Mrs. Parker then cheerfully explains that she had merely been testing the gong to see if it would work. This is a delightfully feminine touch, which moves the unchivalrous men in the audience (especially the married ones) to very noisy mirth. The preliminaries having been finally settled, the punching begins with a nice vigour, though, of course, it is all *pour rire*. It is interesting to note the frenzied appeals of the ladies urging their champion to more, and still more, ferocity, and you get the idea that they will readily see the other man massacred outright if such an extreme course should be necessary in order to save their stakes. At first "Chick" does most of the punching, so that at the end of the first round it looks as if he had got an easy win this time. But in the middle of the second round "Chick" suddenly remembers where he has seen Mr. Parker before, and he stops the fight of his own accord to break the news to his manager. As, however, it is not usual in a fight for your opponent to stop while you are discussing outside issues with an interested spectator, Mr. Duffy naturally takes advantage of the situation. The result is that the unhappy "Chick" "hits the mat" once more, and fails to rise to the count.

"Hap" at once sets to work with nice professional skill to bring "Chick" back to a fuller cognizance of this sadly uneven world; and as soon as the defeated one is able to sit up and take notice, "Hap" asks him in tones of obvious disgust, "What's de alibi dis time?" This is to be translated into a question as to what excuse "Chick" has to make now for his lamentable failure to down so easy an opponent. And "Chick" sits penitently in his chair, making feeble excuses, and, like the prisoner in the dock, feeling his position acutely. The squabbling between the two is most naturally conducted, and is laughable to a degree. It is only fair to say that "Chick" redeems his reputation handsomely at the finish, though he is browbeaten by his domineering manager to the last.

The cross-talk and the boxing are agreeably diversified with light love scenes and worldly wise epigrams on the half-shell, as it were. Mr. James Gleason, with his chronic air of pitying contempt for his inept fighter, is consistently droll throughout, and if, owing to his complicated slang, you cannot always understand what he says, at least you know what he means, and that is all that is necessary. Mr. Armstrong acts brilliantly as a foil to his partner.

JINGLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED VERSION OF THE GLOSSARY OF SLANG PRINTED IN THE PROGRAMME

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"You hear him give an order to the *sommelier*"

Mes Amis—

One cannot fail to have a quiver-full of sympathy with the *sommeliers* of Paris who, through their union, are pressing for a more widespread recognition of the importance of their functions in contemporary society. There is no question of wages or hours involved, none of that materialistic element which generally excludes every other element in any issue in which English trade unions are involved. It is just an affair of peace of mind—the desire of an artist that he shall be known to have artistic rank.

Perhaps the main reason for sympathy with him is the knowledge, acquired after years of experience of Paris, that few servants of society have so frequently to sustain a laceration of their dearest sentiments as the *sommelier*, and the British contribution to this tearing of his heart-strings, figuratively but none the less excruciatingly, is, unfortunately in very heavy proportion.

Worst offender of all is the individual who poses as the authority on *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre* because he has made quite a number of more or less long week-end visits to the Continent. You know the sort, "Leave the question of the grub, and particularly the wine, to me, old son, I'll get you a bottle of the best." And then you'll hear him give an order to the *sommelier*, whose quiet promptings he has almost offensively disdained, which makes that poor fellow wilt under a strain which to him is the equivalent to *lèse-majesté*—towards the bottled monarchs of the cellar.

Take it from me that the one sound method of avoiding errors in the very delicate affair of wines is to accept the recommendations of the *sommeliers*. There is not one man in ten thousand who has any real knowledge of wines, and the most dangerous guide of all is the *poseur* with the little pickings of information which he has gathered on his rambles. The *sommelier* can generally tell by a glance at you which wine will suit you, which is the most important thing, and if, after a hectic spell, you have begun to look liverish, he will not impose on you a heavy Romanee or Corton, as the "I know" man will. Beware of the man who has had his tips straight from the nag's nozzle, for the essential factor he fails to appreciate is that a wine which may have been ideal for one occasion may be just the limit in incompatibility on another.

"Never see the real *gourmet* challenge the recommendations of the *sommelier*"

You will never see the real *gourmet* of Paris challenge the recommendations of the *sommelier*. He has had far too much real experience to make such a blunder. Even the dictatorial *gourmet* who is prepared to depart from the suggestions of the *maître d'hôtel* would not incur the risk of a difference with the presiding genius of the *cave*. After all, there is very full reason for permitting him to exercise full and complete authority.

The qualifications of the efficient *sommelier* are vast. To begin with, he must have a robust constitution and perfect health to equip him for the preliminary labours of the cellar, which are rather a strain. He must retain a more than common agility to enable him to penetrate obscure corners with rapidity in order to collect the desired bottle before the impatient client begins to worry. An excellent memory is essential to direct him instantaneously to a cavity which he may not have approached for a while, and his dexterity must never weaken or he might commit the criminal offence of shaking one of his dust-laden treasures. And he must maintain exemplary sobriety in face of very powerful daily temptation.

Then come the higher qualifications — the origin of a wine and its year, the study of vineyard geography, the science of tasting, the technique of analysis and bottling, and above all, the gastronomical knowledge permitting him to harmonise with perfection the *plats* and the wines which should accompany them. Few save the most instructed diners-out realise that the soft-treading *sommelier* is a person

(Continued on page 778)

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BY JEAN HARDY

LE DERNIER "NON"

"BOND . STREE

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

EET, EAST"

LEADING IN THE WINNER

BY STAN TERRY

Escaping Ourselves.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings
Sketches by Leo Cheney

A novelist put into one of his novels the character of a novelist, and he represented this man as keeping in his pocket-book a "list of places to bunk to" when the pressure of publicity became intolerable. Almost all of us have in the mind's eye the name of places to which we plan to "bunk" for a few hours when a change seems to be absolutely necessary, but I have met men who actually make notes of locations for the expression of their abnormal sentiments.

"I think I have the reputation of being a genial, courteous fellow," said one. "I have heard it said that I radiate contentment. Well, I assure you that at times I am overwhelmed with a craving to sneer. When I feel the desire taking a grip of me, I make hasty excuses all round and go down to Sneerham for the day.

"Of course that is not the name of the place. I would not give it away for worlds. But in case you ever suffer from a need similar to my own I advise you to choose somewhere flat and sandy.

"At Sneerham I sit among hillocks of sand with a flat and almost impassable marsh behind me, and I stare into a vista of desolate shore and far-distant sea.

"First I put up in the sand a few odd sticks, flotsam, you know, and I give them names. Sometimes one of the sticks is the Government and sometimes it is another country. But generally, alas, the sticks are allotted the identity of living men. At first I just hoot at them and the wind whirls my hoots round their heads. Next, maybe, I hiss and throw handfuls of sand. Then I lie on my back and just sneer.

"At the height of my taunting I bite my thumb at the sticks and put forth my hands as if I would pluck this or that one by the beard. I mock and jeer. I become scurrilous. Finally, I pick up stones and smash all the sticks in the face. They fall to the ground and my bad passion is satisfied.

"I catch the next train to town, hand round my cigarettes in the railway carriage, and, when I get out at Charing Cross, do my best to shake hands with any passing Bishop. A few minutes later I am back amongst those who know me, my usual deferential, bright and beaming self."

I told something of this man's remarkable method to a common friend, and asked him if he ever felt the urge to sneer. I put the question because Tim Differ is just about the most timorous, diffident man I know. Though capable enough in a sort of Civil Servant way, he is painfully modest and most bashful when presented to strangers. If you offer him a whisky and soda he looks demure. If you tell him he looks well, he blushes.

"It is a remarkable story," said Tim, "but, do you know, I can almost tell you its parallel. I have never felt I wanted to sneer at anyone, but there are times when I want to be ebullient and I go away all by myself while the fit lasts."

"Whatever do you do, Tim? Chase sheep?"

"I have no particular place to go to, but I choose hills or cliffs. The top of a hill is a fine place for being ostentatious without anybody seeing, and I choose cliffs sometimes because I get a lot of relief out of frightening the seagulls."

"I should have thought you'd have been frightened of them."

"Not when I'm in the mood. I point my stick at them as if it were a gun, and sometimes hurl tufts of grass. Their screams seem to be those of terror, and I glory in my power and ruthlessness. But the tops of hills give you a more perfect sense of pride, I'll admit. I'd like to smoke a cigar with the band on at the top of Mount Everest. I've been a good way up Skiddaw and sat under the shade of a rock for half an hour with a pair of epaulettes on my shoulders. That was one of my worst attacks.

"Once, up Mount Snowdon I took a suit case with me, and on a desolate precipice I changed into Harris tweeds, bi-coloured boots, a brown bowler and a paste horseshoe tie-pin."

"What possible good could that do you?"

"A very great deal. I swaggered about, bragging and boasting to myself and sometimes emitting the crow of a cock. The fit passed at the end of an hour. I changed back again into my navy-blue vicuna, put on my spectacles, and came back to town. I raised my hat to the ticket-collector at Paddington and was once more my normal self."

with a pair of epaulettes on my shoulders

It was now clear to me that

journeys into the wilderness in order to escape occasionally from normality were by no means uncommon. It chanced that I was that day dining with a connoisseur of fine food, and to my amusement he had his story to tell.

"The two men you have told me about," he began, "seek solitude when the desire to get away from themselves comes upon them. I find that does not content me. My trouble is, you see, that not only am I a gourmet, but I have written several books about food, and I cannot enter a restaurant without being recognised. This means that I must eat the delicate dishes I recommend when I am abroad, and at home if I am to keep a cook.

"At least once a year comes the yearning for bad food, the urge to coarse drinks. I pack a bag and change in the train into workmen's clothes. When I arrive at Blackburn or Warrington, or wherever it may be, I put the bag into the cloakroom and shuffle off to the nearest 'Good Pull-Up for Carmen.' Here I have a helping of those sausages that sizzle in the window, or of *à la mode* beef, or fried fish and chips. In the pubs I drink porter, or 'old and mild,' and the wild woodbine hangs perpetually from my lips. I find three days of that about enough, every moment of them enjoyed, and then back I go to caviare and champagne."

I have had no difficulty in adding to my collection the confessions of a great

prize-fighter who always goes to bathe in the sea at a spot where no-one can see what a 'funk' he is, and how he enjoys being a 'funk,' and of a celebrated wit who, whenever he wants to treat himself to the relief of prosiness and platitudes, goes for a week to stay at a provincial County club. Scotsmen will not divulge, however, where they go when they feel they must be extravagant, though bookmakers never conceal their visits to Monte Carlo which are, of course, for the purpose of losing money after the ghastly monotony of winning it so persistently.

It was with a woman's confession that I wished to crown my enquiries, and I chose one who is both beautiful and fashionable.

"Once a year," I dared to say to her, "you must want to ignore your person and your clothes. You must want to stop creams and powders and pencils and wear things out of the rag-bag."

"Of course I do, and so do we all."

"But where do you go to do it?"

"I wouldn't tell another woman that."

The moral is that, when next in your travels you see a woman who is plain and unfashionably dressed, you may be pretty sure that she is a society beauty and a mistress of the mode temporarily in mufti. B.M.H.

STAN TERRY

THE STARE WAY TO FAME

HOSTESS (to famous explorer who has been over-lionised): "Now, tell us all about your terrible experiences"
EXPLORER: "Well—when I landed at Southampton—"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

THE BREAK

The 'Varsities Come to Town:

R. L. HYATT (HARVARD AND BALLIOL, OXFORD) WINNING THE POLE JUMP

R. L. HYATT, WHO ALSO WON THE LONG JUMP, IN ACTION

Photographs

T. C. FOOKS (RUGBY AND CHRIST'S, CAMBRIDGE) FINISHING FIRST IN THE THREE MILES

R. L. HOWLAND (SHREWSBURY AND ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE), THE WINNER OF PUTTING THE WEIGHT

The annual Oxford and Cambridge sports at Queen's Club resulted this year in a rather surprisingly easy win for Cambridge by eight Light Blue performers, whilst R. L. Hyatt won two of Oxford's

Cambridge Wins the Day at Queen's

THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES, WON BY LORD BURGHLEY, IN PROGRESS

R. S. STARR WINNING THE ONE MILE FOR CAMBRIDGE

A. E. PORRITT, OF OXFORD, WINNING THE HUNDRED YARDS

Sport and General

LORD BURGHLEY, THE WINNER OF THE 120 YARDS HURDLES, IN ACTION

events to three. Lord Burghley who won both hurdle races, and R. S. Starr who won the Mile and the Half Mile, were the outstanding three victories, namely the Pole Jump and Long Jump

Frank Davis

IN PENSIVE MOOD

Miss Penelope Spencer, who arranged the delightful dances in "Lionel and Clarissa," "Henry VIII" and many other successful productions, and is now preparing the dances for Mr. Nigel Playfair's next experiment at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Femina

KINETIC AND OTHERWISE

By "CANDIDA"

IT'S always supposed that man is a reasonable being. He prides himself on the fact, but I don't think he's proved his point. At best, he's only a reasoning creature, which doesn't come within a mile of meaning the same thing. He's incapable of leaving well alone, but is always hunting for reasons, obscure and elusive reasons, that lie behind the obvious facts of existence. Quite early in life he'll take a doll to pieces to find out about the working of an inside which turns out, disappointingly, to be nothing but sawdust. If ever there was a lesson . . . but does he learn it? Not a bit. Later on he's still at it, probing the mysteries of the heart, or the depths of the soul, according to his particular job in life. It's a mania with him, poor dear. While lovely woman is content to let things happen, just because they happen, he looks for reasons when the car breaks down, or his love affairs go wrong, or his life is wrecked. Later on, when it's too late to reform, he discovers that a love affair is only a love affair, and that a tragedy is first cousin to a comedy with the best points left out; which proves that all that's necessary to enjoy life is to begin it at the wrong end.

AT present I'm not enjoying it. My pet saleswoman (always called a *vendeuse* in the best dress places) brought out yesterday for my benefit all the newest suggestions for a new frock which one owed it to the new spring to order. There were the same jumpers and skirts hardly camouflaged into novelty by the addition of an extra pleat, or the lengthening of an inch; and the same gauzy trifles with flying skirts barely weighted by a few self-important sequins and things. "So these are the new models; there's not much change, is there?" I asked. "Not much change, Madam?" said she, scandalised by the very suggestion of such an idea. "Just look at these buttons and that row of sequins. Very new. We've never had them just like that before." "Yes, yes, I see," I assented. Of course I didn't, but it would never do to let anyone see that one was seeing through the little, I mean the great, the stupendous, game of fashion. There's always the encouragement of trade to be thought of. Every time I buy a yard of ribbon, or a packet of pins, I feel that I'm doing something of far-reaching importance in the patriotic scheme of things.

WHY doesn't fashion change? I wondered to myself, because man, including some of us, is a reasoning creature. The world is fuller than it's ever been of dress designers all longing to leap into fame, if the leaping can be managed without any breaking of bones, I mean of fortunes. Unfortunately, fame isn't really a thing you can leap into. She sits on a high, high hill, and the way up is steep and stony, obscured, as often as not, by the darkness of disappointments and the mist of tears. Don't believe the people who say that genius gets there at one fell, romantic swoop, because it doesn't. Genius doesn't see the disappointments, doesn't mind the tears; that's all the difference. As someone's said, it is one per cent. inspiration, and ninety-nine perspiration.

WHY doesn't fashion change, as once it did with unfailing regularity every six months or so? Because nowadays we ask of our clothes that they shall live for us, instead of our living for them; which is frightfully new and revolutionary, as newness goes in this world. It's ten years now since clothes have changed to any great extent, and, unless something extraordinary happens to alter the world we live in, they're not likely to change. Who's going to take the trouble to move against the times instead of moving with them? Here and there, somebody young and determined and foolhardy does realise that some moving has got to be done if there's to be any leaping into fame, and does his bit accordingly. And what's the result? Sometimes the surprise of it falls flat altogether; sometimes it's remembered for a fortnight, and I don't know which is worse.

NOWADAYS we prefer our comfort to some idealist's dream of beauty, especially as these dreamers make demands in the way of waists and high collars and draperies that are pleasanter to look at than to walk in. It's the fashion to be strictly useful rather than purely ornamental, and therefore unnecessary to dress the conspicuously becoming part at every moment of the day and night. One jumper suit is all that the situation requires from nine in the morning till eight at night, when it's replaced by two yards, or thereabouts, of spangled chiffon. More would look stuffy and be inconvenient to dance in.

IN short, life affects clothes, and not clothes life. Even the dressmaker people are beginning to find it out. According to one famous person, life is going the pace at such a terrific rate that it can't be lived in what he calls "static" clothes. The dress of the present, and of course of the future (doesn't every genius work for posterity, if not for all time?), is the "kinetic" frock, designed exclusively by him. What exactly is kineticness? This is what he says about it: "The spirit of the age is manifested by its pace of living . . . I do not merely design clothes, I am moving towards an ideal." An ideal, so it seems to me, expressed by restless odds and ends which flutter round the modern young person like a flock of pigeons. Why not have copied the motion of the adorable, wind-blown draperies of the winged Victory, which are anything but static? Because art, especially the best art, is too obvious, I suppose; and it is not kinetic. I was relieved to see that the new "kinetic" dresses didn't differ very alarmingly from the dresses that weren't supposed to be kinetic at all.

From the Ancient East to W.1

BY HELEN McKIE

SKETCHES [illegible] NEW PRINCES' FRIVOLITIES

The best thing in the lat[illegible] "In Old Hankow," but Percy Athos seems also to have drawn [illegible] inspiration—with very happy results

THE RUGGER WORLD

THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL

By "PENDARVES"

FOR months we had been waiting for this, and betting about it, and trying all channels known and unknown to wangle ourselves a seat, and failing. And here was the great day upon us at last. The greatest day in the Rugger world, always. Because the best kind of Rugby football is bred and nurtured in the Scottish schools, as it is in the English, and because the *amour propre* of both countries somehow hangs upon this game, as far as Rugby football is concerned. With these elements boiling up to fever heat, there you have the reason and purport of the seething excitement which settled upon the minds of the 50,000 people who had converged upon that patch of London grass 110 yards long and 75 yards wide, with a couple of posts at each end and a few little flags.

It sounds banal, perhaps, when written in the cooling blood of the day after; but a stare round the Twickenham arena (thanking your stars you had got there in time) at 2.40 p.m. on the fateful day from a coveted seat in the front row of a stand . . . what a spectacle!

Not two square inches of empty space in all those huge stands—west, east, north. Just room enough and no more to lift your arm and wave your hat on all the concrete slopes below. A military band plays out there on the perfect white-lined turf. Nobody heeds it. 50,000 men and women are talking, conjecturing, shuffling into their seats. The muffled drone, unlike any other sound in the world, of a vast crowd talking envelops you. Nobody is statuesquely poised, as the British are supposed to be on the eve of the big thing. Everyone is tense, avidly expectant of the acute thrill that is about to grip them.

The clock on the south slope moves round towards the hour. A cluster of white appears in the black aperture of the West Stand. A sudden roar stabs the ears. ENGLAND! There they are! Coming out to be photographed. The white batch of men groups itself about the chairs: disappears into the blackness. Another roar, just as loud: louder. SCOTLAND! A white line, with a sombre blue top of jersey. The same evolutions: the same trotting disappearance into the gloom.

Then the blue-and-white medley of reappearance. They line-up facing one another. The sudden cessation of all movement. The simultaneous uprising: heads bared, fifty thousand bodies stiffly to attention. The group of dark-clad gentlemen in attendance on the great little Gentleman standing before us, his hat in his hand. Silence. And through the stillness creeps that tinkle of tune which moves all Britons in their most fevered moments to solemnity . . . . . "H-APP-Y AND G-LOR-IOUS." . .

Just those three National words, unsung this time, but filtering through the brain as we stand there singing it unconsciously in our hearts, seem to sum up the whole inimitable situation. And some thirty thousand of us with seats sink down upon them again. The strings of our pent-up emotions have been screwed to just another half-turn of strain.

Sport and General

"TRYING HARD!"

A. T. Voyce about to score England's first try, rather against the wishes of certain Scotsmen, in the great International Match. Scotland's score of 17 to England's 9 broke the "Twickenham Tradition"

The piercing note of a whistle, the "dop" of a ball being kicked . . . and the thirty chosen men of the two countries are joined in battle. Invidious to single out a man for praise here, another for blame there, during the tense hour and a half that follows. Every man gives every ounce of strength that is in him from that moment onwards to the victorious or defeated end. And does it matter really whether this particular end gives victory to you or me, or them?

It is sufficient for us that the game remains indeed the summum bonum of all

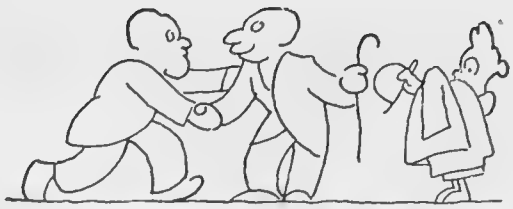
next year, to watch incident upon incident, thrill upon thrill, given by these best of our men, who are giving of their best. We, from the coldly critical sanctuary of a safe seat on high, see a fumble of hands, a mistake of foot, a fractional lateness in the throwing of a body at the feet of on-rushing opponents. And we give vent to our displeasure by sarcastic word of mouth. When Scotland is leading by 14 points to 0 we yell at them authoritatively, "Now, come on, Scotland, buck up"! . . . . And when a sorely pressed England hits back desperately with a scrambling try, far out, a Voice of Authority demands to know "Now, then, Scotland, what's all this?"

But none of the players so intimately concerned down there on the green grass with their country's Rugger destiny can hear any of this cajolery, advice, praise, blame, blessings or cursings. To them the tremendous roar from thousands of frenzied throats is an unintelligible blur of sound, conveying nothing. The banked-up tiers of faces are a mere mirage of pink dots behind a haze of smoke screen, far away. Their middle distance and only objective is the white touch line flanking the goal-posts, beyond and around which is a horizon faintly discerned, wholly unimportant.

What *is* important, vital, blotting out all else absolutely, is the bringing down of that man hard and continuously the moment he gets the ball, and of avoiding him swiftly the moment you get it. To the glorious end that you and the ball, representing your COUNTRY, shall cross that white line of the enemy's, come what may or whom. Which is, after all, only the æon-old spirit of Britain cloaked in the guise of a game.

AN INTERESTING RECORD

The Richmond Rugby Club has one of the oldest and greatest histories of any Rugger club in the kingdom. Therefore, a book on its exploits and its personalities ("The Richmond Football Club," Messrs. Howlett and Son, 10, Frith Street, Soho, W.1) will be welcomed by all followers of the game. Ably edited by Mr. E. J. Ereaut, a member of the Club, it is full of amusing reminiscence and anecdote. Not the least interesting of which is the account of an occasion when the deadly enemy, Blackheath, met, the crowd, numbering [illegible] held of play and prevented [illegible]. This is an excellent aspects.

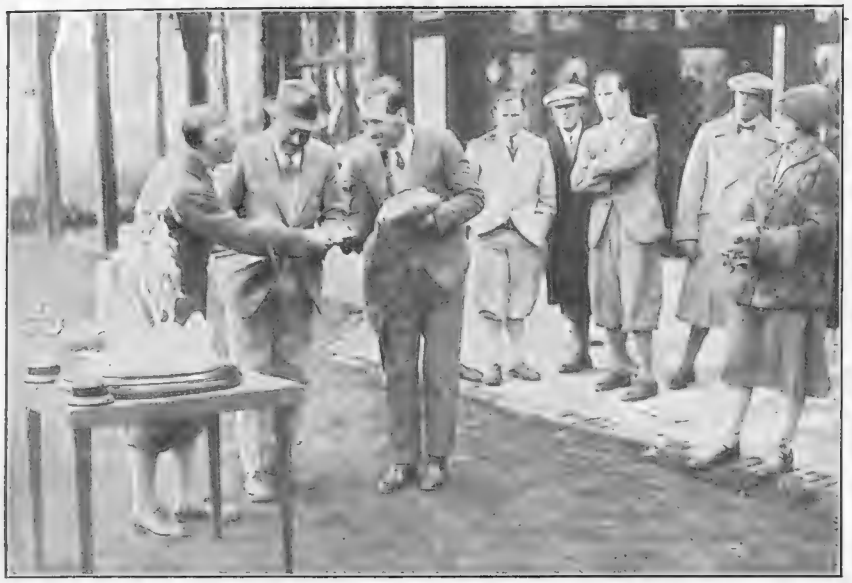


Old Mr. Hubbard

went to the cupboard
expecting to find it bare,

but what a surprise
delighted his eyes

when he found
the Worthington there



Capt. D. H. Fish . H. C. Jolly George Duncan *G.P.U.*
J. Ockenden W. L. Ritchie Mrs. Hurst

DISTRIBUTING THE SPOILS

The Trophy at Addington

By DELL LEIGH

THIS year's BYSTANDER Competition for the Professionals and the Ladies of the London clubs was about as severe a test of golf for the latter as could well be imagined. First, the *venue* was Addington, which represents *real* golf to the lowest handicap man or woman on the most balmy of spring days. Secondly, there was a very bitter North-East wind blowing across those Surrey hills. The sort of day when you need two leather coats instead of one, and when you lose all feeling in your fingers in spite of the woollen "mitts." [I wonder who gave Sandy Herd those smart grey fluffy ones?] The sort of day when a well-struck ball on the green is blown aside from the lip of the hole when you want that par four so badly. In other words, the last day in the world, except for the benediction of bright sun which shone upon them all the time, when you would expect women to struggle successfully through thirty-six strenuous holes of serious competition golf.

But it seems that in these days our games-playing women can stand anything—and stand up to it jolly well. For, in spite of the ice in the wind, fifty-six of these resolute ladies, the pick of the best in the London clubs, presented themselves with their "Pros." on the tee at their appointed times, and got on with their job in a manner which moved at least one man to keen admiration: and he was encased, *inter alia*, in two woollies, a scarf, and a heavy motor coat—and that was the writer!

And look at some of the morning scores. Those who know what the scratch score of 73 on the Old Course at Addington means to any player on any day, and can remember the East wind of last week on that particular day, will appreciate the merit of the performances. Foxgrove, Mrs. Hurst and H. C. Jolly (stroke allowance 3), net score 76; Woodcote Park (Coulsden), Mrs. M. M. Cooper and H. C. Kinch (stroke allowance 5), net score 80; Wentworth, Miss V. S. Clayton and George Duncan (stroke allowance 5), net score 80; Shirley Park, Mrs. Trotter and Tom Trapp (stroke allowance 5), net score 81; Chipstead, Mrs. Buckley and J. Brown (stroke allowance 5), net score 82; [illegible]oham Hurst, Miss J. Wood and R. Wilson (stroke allowance 2), net score 83; Bromley, Miss M. B. Gregory and A. Vaux (stroke allowance 4), net score 83; Richmond Park, Miss D. I. Geary and Josh Taylor (stroke allowance 5), net score 83.

It looked more or less of a certainty for Jolly and his partner at lunch time unless some egregiously low score came in at tea-time. Mrs. Hurst, however, is one of those fortunate members of the L.G.U. who cannot get her handicap down below 11—though I understand that

L.N.A.

MISS DOREEN LEON (L.G.U.4) DRIVING

Miss Leon, partnered by Arthur Havers, represented Coombe Hill

G.P.U.

A BRIDGE PARTY

Miss B. Strohmenger, Mrs. R. G. Nelson, C. Wallis and Jack Smith

Photographs *G.P.U.*

MRS. R. FINLAY (L.G.U.5)

Represented West Byfleet with F. Hedges

MISS [illegible]Y (L.G.U.1)

V[illegible]unce repre-s[illegible]mberley and finished with a net score of 164

ON THE 18th GREEN

F. Cox (Pollard's Hill) holes out. His partner, Mrs. Lovell Browne, and Miss D. Young and J. Ockenden (Hanger Hill) are also seen on the green

whenever she goes out *without* a card and pencil she plays down to about 5 of a handicap. But, as most people know, a lady's handicap cannot in any circumstances be lowered except on the result of cards sent in to the ruling authority. Whereas we take three half crowns running off a member of our Committee, and wallop goes *our* club handicap!

Things became rather exciting late in the afternoon, as at one time it all hung upon Camberley Heath, away out in the wind there somewhere. Would they knock the Jolly-Hurst pair off the top? But no. Although there was a considerable falling off on the part of these two excellent golfers during their afternoon round, their morning score gave them the £500 Challenge Trophy and the two silver cups. The best scores read as follows:—Foxgrove, Mrs. Hurst and H. C. Jolly, 76+85=161; Hanger Hill, Miss D. Young and J. Ockenden, 84+79=163; Wentworth, Miss V. S. Clayton and George Duncan, 80+84=164; Camberley Heath, Miss M. Gourlay and T. Mounce, 81+83=164; Hadley Wood, Mrs. C. N. Brown and W. B. Smith, 83+84=167; Porters Park, Mrs. Reid and James Bradbeer, 85+82=167; Potter's Bar, Miss Archer and J. J. Taylor, 90+78=168.

Considering that Miss Molly Gourlay and Mounce, of Camberley, were playing on Plus 1, theirs was the most consistently good score of them all.

There were tragedies, as always, that one does not like to see. The St. George's Hill pair, for instance, had a 12 at one hole in the morning, which finished them for the day. There were things which I personally always gloat over, and seldom have an opportunity of seeing, such as a famous Pro. driving about 70 yards into the rough, and hooking out of bounds; and another famous Pro. missing a 3ft. putt—glorious moments for people with a handicap of—well a handicap!

But the day was an immense success from every point of view. As one cheery woman [illegible] have had everything for nothing [illegible] like this place. I shall come again." seemed to sum up the general sentiment.

Photographs G.P.U.

THE WINNING PAIR

H. C. Jolly and Mrs. Hurst (L.G.U.11) with the Trophy which they won with a total net score of 161

THAT HOLIDAY SPIRIT

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Bleak women of Chelsea"

LONDON, *March* 29.

DEAR COUSIN—

So it's come at last, or, anyway, only just ahead . . . our very first official holiday of the year, I mean. When for such of us as duly and dutifully toil for our daily rations there arriveth a glorious and heaven-sent occasion of freedom, even if it be but for a little while. Prison gates flung open for at least a whole four days—and what a lot you *can* do in that time, too, if only imbued with the right and proper spirit. Life a blank sheet once more, with nothing to be written on it but the beautiful things . . .

卐

WHICH really are there all the time, aren't they, if only we're in the mood to notice 'em? Simple things, like Rupert Brooke wrote of in his famous catalogue of "these I have loved":—

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood. . . .

And the rest, including that really rather wonderful addition to the list of

Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew.

卐

IT'S rather the mode of the moment to decry Rupert Brooke, you know—just a little, at least, among those *cognoscenti,* the "bleak women of Chelsea and Hampstead," so nicely castigated by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who "whicker" about Proust and Pirandello. Marcel Proust, whose novels, as the same delightful authority remarks, are "like the voice of a maiden lady in a high fever talking interminably in a hothouse through three thicknesses of woollen blanket." And Pirandello—have you ever seen one of his so-called plays? But at any rate *he,* methinks, had the real holiday spirit—beautiful Rupert Brooke, who died for us in the War.

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IF you've got which, after all, even the least whiff or sniff of it, what *does* anything else matter? Even if you should chance to be faring forth across the Channel for aforesaid holiday to sunny Dieppe or somewhere, and the so-called witching waves are far too playful with *their* little touch of the holiday spirit.

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IF you're not afraid, things can't hurt you . . . someone says in one of the books of the moment, *The Laughing Heart,* by Beatrice Sheepshanks to wit. And if you're properly clad in the real holiday armour of reckless *insouciance,* can't see how anything's going to worry you either, what? Even if you should happen to travel six-a-side in a third-class carriage all the way down to the Far West of England, with babies around too . . . but must admit that *might* perhaps be trying the holiday spirit *rather* high.

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THOUGH have you ever noticed, I wonder, how amazingly polite we all seem to make quite a positive habit of being to each other on our holidays? Even the properest lady of the suburbs, who'd be simply horrified to death if anybody spoke to her in the Tube without an introduction, will be quite affable and hearty according to her lights, and say "Granted" in a well-nigh gracious tone when some Inferior Worm of a fellow-traveller who possibly dwells in humble Mayfair instead of high-class Highgate apologises (as it might be) for having dropped a dollop or *soupçon* of cigarette-ash down her Russian boot. (Though even in the best parts of Brixton I believe these last have become more or less *démodés* and consigned to the company of last year's moths.)

"Fig-leaf frocks"

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RATHER nice, wouldn't it be, if you could only run the whole show always more or less and rather more than less on these sort of holiday lines? Like in *la bella Italia,* where if the sun shows sufficient determination to shine tropically and cloudlessly for the next twelve hours or so, quite often the word goes round, and lo and behold! every single business house in the place puts up its shutters for the day. Have seen it happen even in Rome itself, *moi qui vous parle.* And, mind you, the Italianos are no mere butterflies either, but in their way, methinks, quite as cute bargain-drivers as the French who wouldn't hate 'em half so much, I'm sure, if they weren't so much alike.

"La Bella Italia"

卐

ALSO, of course, these holiday times—they're just one of the few occasions when the mere world's worker just for a moment doesn't have to envy so awfully the Idle Rich, and can almost kid him or herself they're even a bit sorry for 'em, what's more, seeing that I suppose if you're holidaying all the time you don't get half so much pep in it—though most of us p'raps wouldn't mind just seeing what *we* could do about the matter, what? And life's beginning to be a bit on the holiday-ish side here in London now, too,

(Continued on page 796)

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even if it *should* freeze or hail or snow :—

What exultations in my mind
From the love-bite of this Easter wind. . . .

as Mr. W. H. Davies, the countryside poet, hath it.

卐

SPRING dress shows have been showering around us in countless battalions (accompanied by cocktails and even, here and there, a dance or two). No very colossal changes either just for the moment in those modes that some Master Cotton Spinner or something's been calling "fig-leaf" ones. And grousing horribly because, says he, it's so bad for trade, the poor dear antediluvian thing. But makes one realise how there really still *are* some people who'd like us to be wearing black cotton stockings and cotton undies, I suppose, and masses of petticoats and great long full skirts right down to our very toes—as I saw in an old copy of THE BYSTANDER only the other day.

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AND some of the new plays lately have been so bad they were positively amusing, like *Ashes,* where everyone was so *bouleversé* by the complete ingenuousness thereof that the gallery even forgot to boo—so I'm told anyway, for it really was a rather extra special opportunity of putting in an extra early supper,

"Drop a *soupcon* of cigarette-ash down her Russian boot"

and I always find, don't you, that a really thoroughly impossible play makes me positively pine for my partridge-and-Pominard at Prince's, or cutlet-and-Coupe Jacques at the Kit-Cat, as the case may be.

卐

THERE'LL be quite a number of youngish Royals to help usher in the season, including Princess Arthur, and Princess Mary, I hear, will be on hand. And though the ball hasn't, of course, properly started rolling yet, there's a fair number of dances for debs. already, even at private houses, not to mention all the pubs and clubs like Ciro's and the Embassy and the Ambassador and the Met. Follies and suchlike. Even started dancing as well as dining, they have, at the Howard Hotel in Norfolk Street, which is the very last to be demobbed, and isn't one bit dull *now,* I assure you, however devastatingly respectable its name.

卐

ALL the companies of *Mercenary Mary* and *No No Nanette!* were there to reopen it the other night, not to mention "T.P.," and I can't say no fairer nor that to prove that the holiday spirit was duly provided, can I, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

GIVE DOGS THEIR DUES

THANKS AND HINTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SURREY holds its Dog Show at Dorking to-day (Wednesday), while that of the Harrow district opens at the Drill Hall, Uxbridge. In the north country, particularly, a number of Shows will be held during the Easter holiday. The next full dress London event will be the Kensington Canine Society's Show, this year at the Crystal Palace, on April 9.

Writing of the help given to the Middlesex Hospital reconstruction fund by this month's big Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, "Doctor Dog-owner" says :—

"Medical men and supporters of hospitals, no less than all good doggy folk, should make a mental note of gratitude to Messrs. Spillers, the Victoria Dog Foods people, for their all-round generosity in connection with this Show, as for their consistent efforts to serve the highest interests and standards in Dog-breeding. I fancy it was to that real Dog-lover among their directors, Mr. Cuthbert Allen, we owed the free gift of the costly job of benching and feeding all Dogs at the Show, plus the payment of the rental charge for the Palace, plus the presentation of a number of Dogs for the second day's auction. Help so substantial should not soon be forgotten."

Another correspondent writes :—"We all owe something to the kindly canine race, if only because, notably in this country, their development and companionship exercises a seriously beneficial effect on our own national character—not a doubt of it. This business of the Distemper Research Fund, now—'Kennelman' is very right to urge prompt and generous contribution of the needed money. The amount is trifling, and the anticipated benefit for the race of Dogs immense. I suggest appeal be made to one quarter which itself might easily provide the small balance still lacking—the life and fire insurance companies. Why? Well, because—always of very real help in this matter—during the past few years our British Dogs have proved really wonderful servants of the fire insurance interest; more so than many paid human watchmen. Follow the point in the Press, and you will find that a week rarely passes without at least one serious fire being prevented, or quickly extinguished, solely as result of a Dog's warning. Captain Scobell's fine place, Zion House, near Bath, was saved by this means the other day, so far as the main building was concerned. In such ways our Dogs are saving many human lives, as well as tens of thousands worth of property. Ask the insurance people. It would be shameful to grudge the 'First Friend' the little money still lacking for distemper research—and cure."

There are many jolly Dog books, and room for many more; but from the serious amateur's standpoint, when you get down to brass tacks, the indispensable work of reference, "The Dog-man's Bible," is the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book, with its 800 pages of solid information, scrupulously accurate, conveniently tabulated and classified, compiled and edited in perfection by that master-organiser, the Secretary of the Kennel Club, Mr. H. T. W. Bowell. Vol. 53, 1926, is earlier, and better than ever; a wholly admirable production, for which all Dogdom will be grateful to Mr. Bowell. Our British Dogs are the best in the world, and it is good to know that, as at present run, we have the finest organisation and record-keeping machinery, at 84, Piccadilly. A single section, its fifty pages of names and addresses of pedigree Dog-keepers, is worth the new Stud Book's price.

Three useful jobs for all who would help Dogs: Always draw police attention to Dogs wandering loose in streets, under nobody's control. Teach Dogs cleanly respect for pavements and footpaths, as for indoors. Impress on Members of Parliament the damaging impracticability of taxing new-weaned pups; still worse, of ordering collar-discs for them. To tax all *unregistered* pups would be sounder, as tending to check propagation of the unwanted.

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Oh! the Lincoln

WHEW! What a Lincoln Handicap result! Who said the bookmakers were having a thin time? We have heard that things were going hardly with them during the jumping season, but that fateful "head" by which King of Clubs upset the almost universal plunge on Zionist will have put most of the bookies on velvet so far as this year's operations are concerned. It would be interesting to know the difference which that narrow margin made in a financial sense to the backers of the community. Just think of all the money which went on the Aga Khan's colt from the time the Lincoln was first talked about. Certainly if that favourite had won, the S.P. men would have had a very nasty jolt, but, having been saved from this fate, they can now look forward to such races as the City and Suburban and the Kempton Jubilee with equanimity. The King of Clubs was certainly the card they wanted to turn up in the Lincoln pack.

Armchair Critics

IT will be a long time before racing people cease to talk about that thrilling struggle on the Carholme. Backers of the favourite vowed they were unlucky not to have won their money. They blamed Smirke for riding a too confident finish. I always hate to blame jockeys. Nothing is easier than to ride a race from the stands. Watching the struggle through your race-glasses you will know exactly what to do, when to challenge, when to use your whip, and so forth. It is all so simple. But the jockey on the back of the horse has to study his temperament, and when you criticise a finish you must make allowance for the varying behaviour of thoroughbreds under pressure. Admittedly I have seen Smirke ride more powerful finishes than he did on Zionist, but do not forget that the colt turned it up on more than one occasion last season. It is just possible that he would not have it at the finish of the big race at Lincoln.

"THE TOUT"

CAPT. DE WEND FENTON

A caricature of the popular gentleman rider, who is in the first flight among the soldier jockeys of to-day

Zionist at Newbury

AMONG the beaten ones perhaps the unluckiest was Dignity, who was very much shaken by the severe kick he received from Boxhill at the start. Even then Sir Charles Hyde's colt put up a creditable show, and he is sure to win a good race or two during the season. Lustucru proved the best of the French horses, but I am convinced Coram will improve on his form later on. I suppose Zionist will now become a red hot favourite for the Newbury Spring Cup, in which he is handicapped in much the same way as he was at Lincoln. He will, however, encounter some new rivals of quality there, including the selected of the Manton pair, Cross Bow and Sparus. Another who will probably be heard of in connection with the Newbury race is Conquistador, a four-year-old of great possibilities. It is just possible, therefore, that we shall be able to get a shade of odds about Zionist.

Easter Events

BEFORE our next issue is published the Bank Holiday meetings will have been run. The Queen's Prize at Kempton Park will be one of the big events of the Easter campaign. A fancied horse will probably be Joy Rider, who has lately been doing a lot of good work. It is possible that Forseti will be sent from France to take his place in the field, and though he has a tremendous weight he is entitled to our respect on his Cesarewitch form. Confirmation is another worthy of attention. At the bottom of the handicap I make a favourable note of Alness, who stays really well. It looks to me to be a very open race, but in selecting **Confirmation** I think we shall have a live representative. I take Joy Rider as a second string. On the following day the Birmingham Stakes will be an attraction. Here I shall choose **Genero**, who was a shade unlucky to have been beaten at Lincoln.

HUNTING and POLO . . . By A. W. Coaten

Another Tragedy

FOLLOWING so swiftly on the death of Mrs. E. Greenall, the fatal accident to Mrs. Sidney Mason came as a terrible shock to hunting people in the Midland district. All that I wrote last week concerning the place which Mrs. Greenall filled in the sporting community of Leicestershire might be repeated word for word in speaking of Mrs. Mason. Like other members of her family, she was a dashing horsewoman who could take her own line across country. Always well mounted, she had enjoyed the cream of Leicestershire sport with hounds for many seasons. In the Vale of White Horse, too, she will be sadly missed. Deep sympathy is naturally felt for Sidney Mason, who is so well known in connection with polo. He is one of the hardest working members of the County Polo Association.

With the Quorn

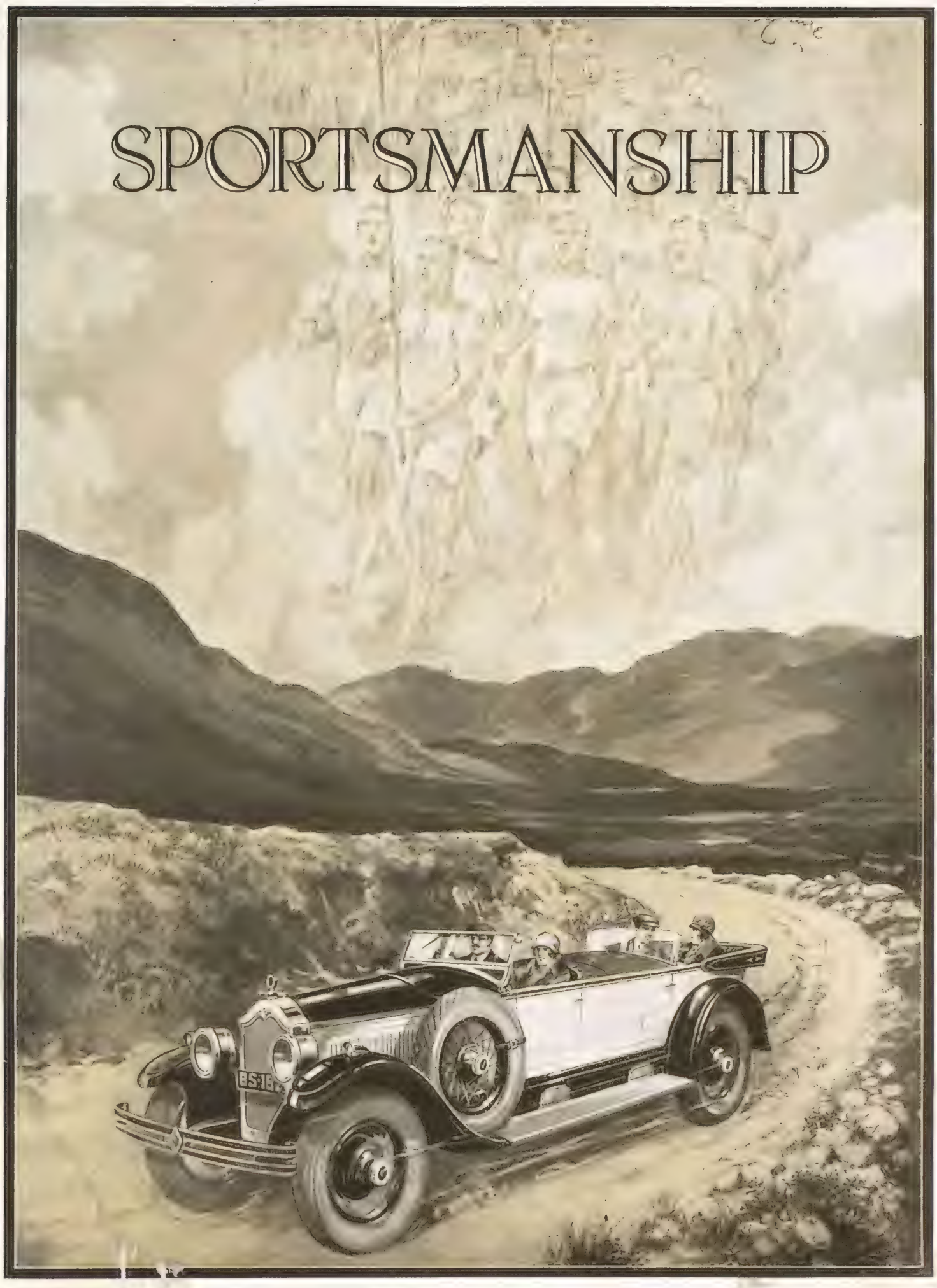
IN the last fortnight of March the going became rather too hard in many hunting countries, and the general conditions have been by no means favourable for scent. Here and there, however, hounds are able to run with considerable dash. The Quorn, for example, were in great form after meeting at Gaddesby last week, and among those who took part in the fun were the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry. They saw hounds run in brilliant style over one of the best lines in Leicestershire. It was from Capt. Sherrard's coverts that this merry gallop began. Soon after the start the fox was headed by motor cars, but when once the run had settled down hounds were never far away from his brush, though ultimately he beat them by getting to ground at Baggrave. When it is added that a point of six miles was made in something like forty minutes, you will realise that the Quorn bitches did not loiter on the way, and it was one of the brightest interludes of the month. Apart from the vexatious stoppages caused by foot-and-mouth disease restrictions, it has been a really good season with most of the Midland packs. Followers of the Cottesmore have had a most enjoyable time.

At Miami

TO judge by the accounts which have reached us of the recent polo season at Miami, the visit of a team of English players was a complete success. Colonel T. P. Melvill and his comrades played well up to their handicaps and won their share of the tournaments. The star performer of the team was naturally its dashing No. 1. Colonel Melvill is still one of the nippiest forwards in polo, and he appears to have been a prolific goal-scorer at Miami. The game is progressing remarkably well in all parts of the United States, and they have many good young players coming on.

Army Polo

IT will be our turn next year to send a military combination to America, and after two reverses we cannot contemplate the prospect with real confidence. Before the war the idea of a representative British Army team failing to beat an American combination of the same stamp would have been laughed to scorn. It is all very different now. One of our best polo regiments, the 12th Lancers, are still in England, though last year they received their marching orders for Egypt. In anticipation of their departure overseas, all their best polo ponies were sold, so they will start the new season with practically nothing to ride. I hear there is still a chance that Hurlingham will issue their challenge next year to the Americans with the Army players in India as the nucleus of the team.

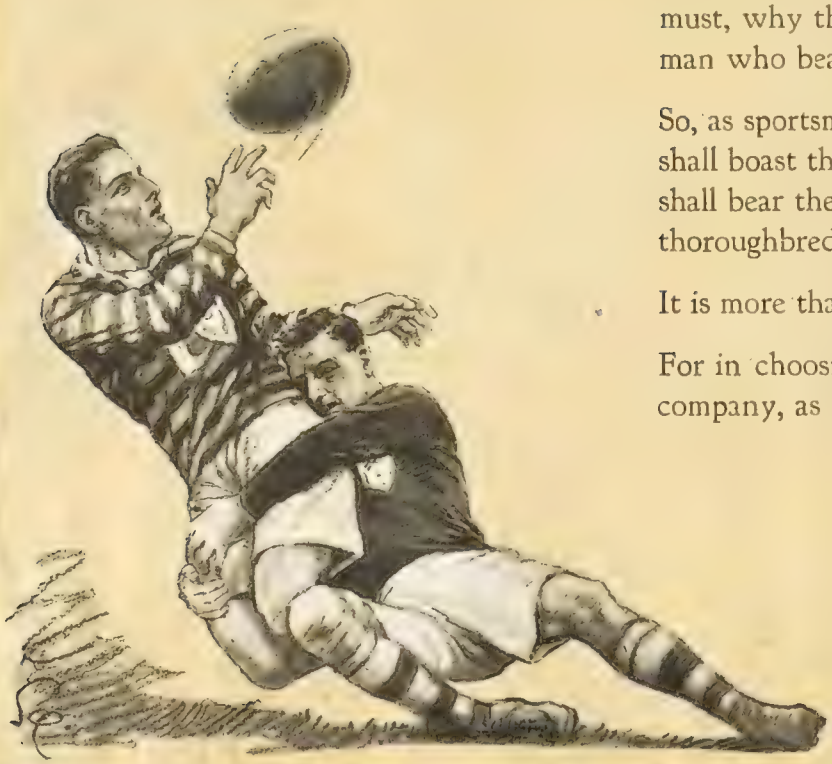

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship

CLEAN of limb and clear of eye the young athletes march around the thunderous arena. The voice of happy youth rings clear on links and court and pitch. The fallow is gay with swift figures in scarlet.

This is Sportsmanship as our nation knows it . . . . our nation which created the very word, so that if we would but name Sportsmanship we must speak English ; for we shall search foreign dictionaries in vain for its equivalent.

Whether we wear the red coat of the rider to hounds, or the muddy garb of the scrummager ; whether we be wielders of club, or racket, or bat ; or whether our joy be in the swift car and the open road, we have this thing in common. We will give of our best, do our doughtiest . . . . win the game if we fairly may ; but, if lose we must, why then we will fight to the last, that the better man who beats us may have his full glory.



So, as sportsmen, we look keenly to our gear. Our horse shall boast the blood of the thoroughbred . . . . our tackle shall bear the imprint of great names. Our car shall be a thoroughbred too, and shall carry a name of renown.

It is more than likely, then, to be a Buick.

For in choosing a Buick we shall find ourselves in great company, as the car-parks of sporting grounds do prove.

Let us cast an eye over our Buick, and see whether it answers to the exigent demand of the sportsman choosing his gear. The name it bears we pass with an approving nod as we pass those trusty names that adorn bat and club, racket and gun.

Our eye commands its clean lines and graceful proportions with their race-horse suggestion of swift rhythmic power. We take our seat at the wheel of the Buick .... we shall know now whether its behaviour matches its beauty. Over hill and dale with a smooth, resistless rush .... now thrilling to a gallant surge of power as the road opens empty before us .... now slowly purring through the crowded street . . . now proving the sturdy brakes in a sudden emergency.

So, reluctant to come to an end of the test, we go on, relishing with keen sportsman's enjoyment the beautiful sense of *balance* in the Buick—the same joy we feel in the swing of a well-balanced golf club.

And as bat and club "grow to the hand" of the sportsman, so does our Buick become a part of ourselves.

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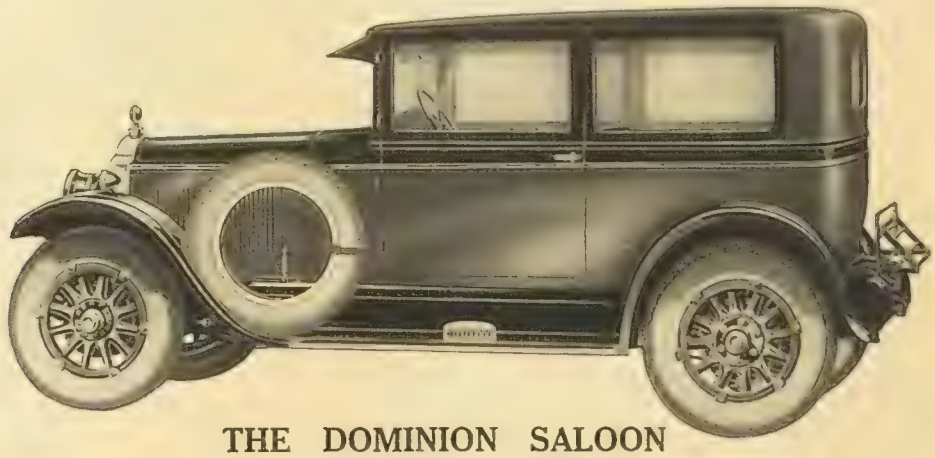

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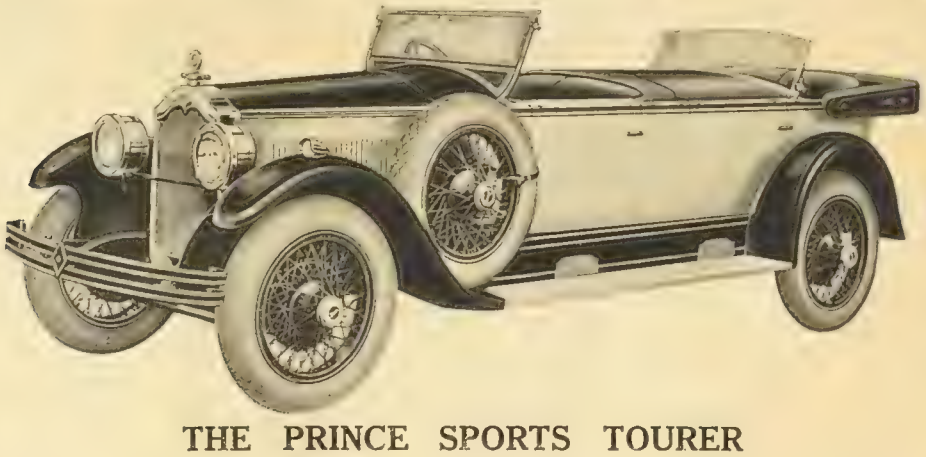

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I CONFESS that when I opened *Catullus: The Complete Poems* (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net), which is Mr. F. A. Wright's latest contribution to that admirable Broadway series of translations, I wondered what he would make of it. Catullus was a wonderful poet, but he lived in lax times, when poets were neither very careful about the language they used nor, apparently, could have anticipated the complicated laws of libel which future generations would evolve. And, although all the world has always enjoyed the immortal story of Catullus and his Lesbia, there were other affairs, recorded in some detail by his pungent pen, at which we respectable ones of to-day must look askance. And it was not as though Mr. Wright had been content with a selection of verses. No, the complete works in translation had been promised.

Well, he has really been amazingly cunning, and, remembering his previous work, I ought to have known that he would be. He has gone to work in just the right way. Where things have had to be toned down, they have been toned down, but in a manner to which nobody, except possibly the late Mr. Bowdler himself, could possibly object. The ugliness is removed, but a savour of the Rabelaisan background is left. You begin to see these poems not as the average schoolboy regards them—skilled exercises in a language which he means to forget as soon as he can—but as real living things about real living people.

As in previous books, too, Mr. Wright begins by setting his stage. Catullus may be only a name to a large number of people. Mr. Wright draws a vivid sketch not only of the poet himself but also of his contemporaries and surroundings. The sad tale of Lesbia, that heartless creature who never deserved anything like the immortality which has been thrust upon her, is reviewed in detail, and before ever you read a line of the poems themselves you have been, as it were, transported to old Rome, and text-books and any atmosphere of the schoolroom have vanished.

These classics nowadays come in for hard knocks. On all sides you hear exhortations for a curriculum in the schools that will prepare the pupil for what he has to face in a not too friendly world outside. Away with these dead and gone writers who were often so regrettably coarse. Let us have double entry (whatever that is) and shorthand and a course in psychological salesmanship. And yet what a delight those old poets can be! And what a blessing that those who have forgotten such little Latin as was ever crammed into their youthful heads, and those who were only taught "useful" things, need not be cut off from the joy of knowing something, at any rate, of Roman literature. Mr. Wright is no pedagogue with a new lesson-book on his desk, but a delightful interpreter of these ancients eager for you to share his own pleasure in their work.

WHAT a charming *raconteur* Mr. Lewis Hind can be! And what a gracious peep at the last thirty years he gives us in his new autobiographical volume *Naphtali* (Lane, 15s. net). Mr. Hind explains that his book is a series of "influences and adventures while earning a living by writing," and both influences and adventures in his case were many. He knew all Henley's "young men," he had much to do with Beardsley's *début*, he edited papers and discovered more than one genius, and perhaps it was only an accident which allowed him to become one of the best known of our journalists instead of a competent painter. And now looking back he culls from memory's storebook a little portrait-gallery of interesting people, with quaint stories and oddly exciting events in cheerful abundance. Incidentally, one is glad to see that amongst his contemporaries due mead of recognition is given to John Lane, who was singularly unlike the popular conception of a publisher. Mr. Hind has done this kind of work before, but never better than in *Naphtali*, and if you fail to see why he has chosen so curious a title, you must read the book for yourself.

IT is only the serious student, I suppose, who would trouble nowadays to wade through those six volumes, published in the middle of last century, which contain the voluminous correspondence of Mrs. Delany. She was a very great dame in her way, and occupied a position in the polite world which hardly altered from the days when Swift and Bolingbroke were her friends right on to the seventeen-eighties, but she was inclined to be more than a little diffuse on occasions, and many of the people about whom she has so much to say have long been allowed to descend into oblivion.

For which reason Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, that indefatigable reader of old letters, may be congratulated on his *Mrs. Delany at Court and Amongst the Wits* (S. Paul, 16s. net), which not only tells you all that it is necessary to know of the lady herself, but prints an entertaining selection from her correspondence. Mrs. Delany was not a Swift or a Pope or a Horace Walpole, but unquestionably she could write a good letter when she liked, and now and then you come across the most unexpected opinions about matters or men which are not without their historical value.

THE young man who steals, not because he is naturally drawn towards stealing, but because he is irresistibly impelled to do so, is a familiar subject to the medical psychologists, and around such an unfortunate victim Mr Robert Brymer weaves his new story. *Captives of Impulse* (Simpkin: 7s. 6d. net) shows young Jim Meadows slowly coming under the influence of a flamboyant and drunken Irishman, whose villainies range from coining to receiving stolen property. It would seem as though there was little hope for him, but, fortunately, marriage to an understanding woman frees him from his "devils."

The story contains improbabilities; but Mr. Brymer's invention does not flag, and he is commendably outspoken when describing the nightmare which Jim is pitted against.

MISS IRIS HAROLD *Sasha*

Who is one of the clever people who are keeping "The Blue Kitten" so lively at the Gaiety. She also appears at New Princes'

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

LITTLE SLAM ON A BAD BID

By A. E MANNING FOSTER

VIRTUE is not always rewarded at Bridge any more than it is in life. The careful caller does not always reap the rewards of his carefulness, nor is the bad bidder always punished as he deserves.

The following from actual play is an example of an extraordinary lucky result of a bad bid.

	Y S—K, 6, 2. H—A, 7, 4. D—4, 3. C—A, K, J, 8, 5.	
S—A, Q. H—10, 9, 8, 5. D—A, Q, 10, 6. C—Q, 10, 4.	A	B S—10, 4, 3. H—J, 6, 3, 2. D—K, 9, 7. C—9, 7, 2.
	Z S—J, 9, 8, 7, 5. H—K, Q. D—J, 8, 5, 2. C—6, 3.	

Score: Game all. A deals and bids "One No-Trump"; Y and B, "No Bid"; Z, "Two Spades"; A, "Two No-Trumps"; Y, "Three Spades"; B and Z, "No Bid"; A, "Double." All pass.

. . . . . .

The bidding of both A and Z was bad. A had just a bare initial No-Trumper. Y had a strong hand and might have made an informatory double. But having the lead he was quite content to leave the No-Trumper in, sit tight and pass. Z's bid of "Two Spades" was atrocious. The only justification for a bid from him at all was to show a lead to his partner. But not having a suit of any value to show—his Spades were not even in sequence—he had no reason to bid at all. In justice he ought to have been penalised.

A having made a weak No-Trumper was afraid to pass the Two Spade bid lest his partner should think he had not a guard. He naturally placed the King of Spades with Z, and thought he had a double guard in the suit. But his hand was not strong enough to risk a second bid.

Y, who held the best hand of the lot, could either now make a business double or support his partner. Being the rubber game he chose the latter course. A's double was one of the worst on record. He had overcalled his hand already. What possible chance had he of defeating the Spades? Even if he was, as he supposed, sitting over the King, his hand at best could not be worth more than four tricks.

In so far as A bid badly he richly deserved the fate that befell him, and that was a Little Slam for Z! Hard luck on poor B, who had to be a silent sufferer throughout!

. . . . . .

How, you may say, did Z manage to make a Little Slam? Here, again, I think A showed himself as weak in play as in bidding. With Y's hand exposed on the table, he ought to have made his quick tricks at once. But he opened 10 of Hearts, Z took the trick with the King (not with the Queen), and led a small Spade. A rightly put up his Ace and then led another Heart, placing his partner with the Queen. Z took the trick with the Queen, led a Spade, taken by Dummy's King, and then a third Spade to clear the suit, putting himself in. A Club from Z and a successful finesse of the Jack gave Z three discards of losing Diamonds, and the play of the Ace of Hearts enabled him to get rid of his fourth.

Result: Z won 108 points below the line, 250 above (for contract, two over tricks, and Little Slam), and game and rubber.

Can you beat it?

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

The Three of Knowledge

ENERGY AND SLOTH

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ENERGY is life. If you misuse energy, you misuse life. Sloth is the most evil of all vices."

I take this quotation from one of my own books. It is a sound phi'osophy. It represents one of the immutable laws of the universe. It applies equally to the physical and to the mental sides of life.

It is solely by reason of the human energy that has been put into the commercial business of Pope & Bradley that it exists to-day as a living concern. Dissipate that energy, and it will quickly dissolve; a short requiem would be held in Carey Street, amid the sobs of the chief mourners—the disappointed tax collectors.

The energy of its workers is the life force of a nation, and when the sinister signs of sloth become manifest, the cancer must be ruthlessly cut out, or the nation will decay.

I know Europe as well as most men, and I know America. Much of the social crudity one finds in America is apt to offend one's artistic senses, but the spirit of the workers is magnificent. They work to their fullest capacity, and, as a just reward, earn staggering wages.

From my personal observations in Italy, France and Germany, I do not hesitate to assert that the workers there work twice as hard as the majority of those in England.

If England is to maintain her industrial position and compete successfully with other nations she must reform from within. We are tired of the apathetic *finesse* of professional politicians. The curse of England to-day is the dole; every manufacturer can prove the scandalous effect of the dole upon the output of British productions. No man not an invalid should receive one penny from the State unless the equivalent in work is rigidly demanded in return. The dole is a political bribe for votes. The Labour and Conservative parties both know this, but blatantly use it for their own ends.

* * * * *

Fortunately for Pope & Bradley the evil effect of the dole does not obstruct them. The West End tailoring craftsmen are paid entirely on piece work; in consequence they work earnestly to their full capacity, and earn high wages. They are a fine body of men with a contempt for laziness.

If, however, this House were handicapped by some ca' canny Trade Union, or dependent upon the doleful, work-shy dodgers, I would order the shutters to be fixed on the windows of Bond Street, and would hie me to the South Sea Isles, and from naked experience, possibly concoct even better sellers than trousers.

* * * * *

Practically all of the hundreds of skilled employees of the firm receive increased commissions on efficiency and output. That is why Pope & Bradley is the most progressively successful tailoring house in London, and, incidentally, London does produce the best men's clothes in the world. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& 120 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 23

EMBROIDERING, one of the oldest arts, was skilfully practised in the East many centuries B.C. The high attainments of early Jews, for instance, were exemplified in richly embroidered hangings for Solomon's Temple.

Embroidering was known in England in Anglo-Saxon days, when the festival robes of Edward the Confessor were embroidered by his queen, Edith.

In the 15th century special embroiderers were attached to royal and noble households.

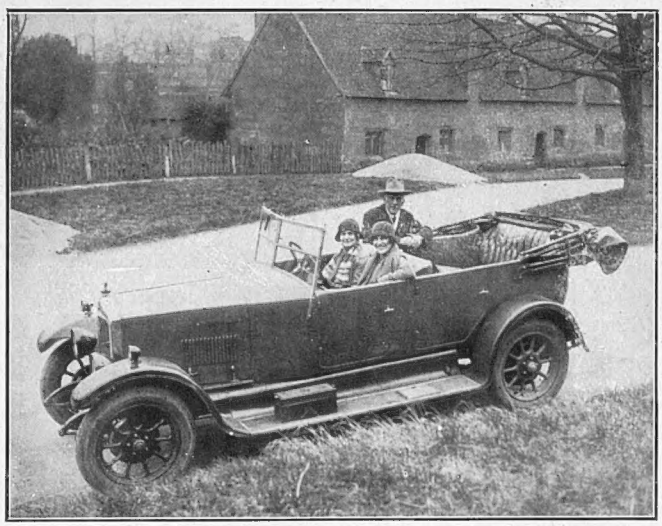
Queen Elizabeth, who incorporated an Embroiderer's Company, and Mary Queen of Scots were both skilled in embroidering.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



IN WARWICKSHIRE

Mr. James Calcott, Managing Director of the Calcott Company, with his daughter, Ruth, at the wheel of the new 16-50 h.p. Calcott six-cylinder four-seater. The photograph was taken in the old-world village of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire

WE are just approaching the longest motoring week-end of the year. There are four clear days away from business cares and worries, and with the fine weather which is probable, the motorist can go far afield. It is more than likely that those owners who only make daily runs from and to their homes will find the roads extraordinarily congested in the neighbourhoods of the big towns and cities. With four days at his disposal the wise motorist will go far away in order to escape the traffic problems.

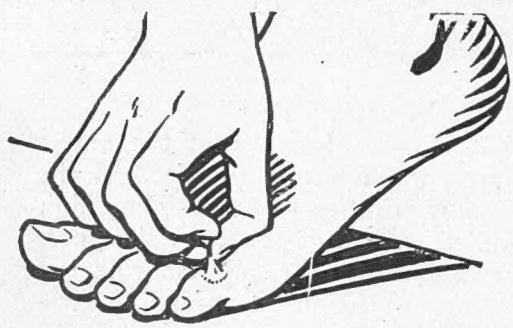
DURING Easter week-end two important competitions are taking place. The first of these is the London - Land's - End Trial, organised by the Motor Cycling Club, which is starting from the Slough Trading Estate on the main Bath Road, the first machine leaving soon after 10.0 p.m. on Friday, April 2nd. Approximately 500 machines have been entered, including motor cycles, sidecars, three-wheelers, and cars up to 2,000 c.c. Through the night the competitors will travel over main roads to Taunton, and after breakfast there the real business of the day will commence. Beginning at Porlock Hill, each competitor will have to climb half a mile of the steepest part from a standing start at certain minimum speeds, and then to complete the rest of the ascent non-stop. Immediately afterwards follow two more non-stop hills, Lynmouth Hill, and Beggar's Roost. After lunch at Launceston the final test is up Bluehills Mine Hill in Cornwall, and the finish will take place at Land's End.

ON Easter Monday the first car race meeting of the season will be held at Brooklands track, which has been completely renovated during the winter. Ten races will be decided, the first taking place at 1.0 p.m. The most important race of the day will be the Lightning Short Handicap, for which the first prize is the Brooklands' Founders Gold Cup, value £100. At the time of writing the list of entrants is not available, but I understand that there will be several newcomers to the track, a fact which will complicate the work of the handicappers. Given good weather, some excellent racing should be seen. In addition to these two events, reliability trials are being held in the North, so motorists who enjoy watching competitions will have an opportunity to do so in practically every part of the country.

* * *

ON a mild spring-like day it is very pleasant to wander about the country lanes in a first-rate motor car which does not make too heavy a demand on the driver as regards controls. I recently spent such a day on one of the latest 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchesters fitted with a most comfortable saloon body. We were a most congenial party, the car was exceptionally fine, and the run was full of interest. Starting from the centre of London, we crept expeditiously and silently through the traffic and out along the Portsmouth Road. Beyond Ripley, the left-hand fork was taken lead-

(*Continued on page 808*)



Free from Corns—*after 16 years*

We have said before and we say again that Radox removes corns no matter how obstinate. We have hundreds of unsolicited letters which prove this beyond quibble or doubt. Here is one of them:

"For many years I have been a horrible sufferer with my feet, corns, segs, etc.; in fact, I have been for the last 16 years under the best chiropodist, whom I have visited regularly every month, at a cost of over £50 for the 16 years. During the whole of this period, I have never really known what real foot comfort was, at times I was a perfect cripple, and could only walk in great agony. I tried various other advertised powders, etc., without any benefit whatsoever.

"I am very pleased to say with one packet, at 1s. 6d., of your Radox Bath Salts, all my foot trouble has disappeared, and I can now walk for miles without any fatigue. I shall never be without it again."
1st July. *N. V. S.*

How Radox Removes Corns.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½-lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

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See the Cars here!

It's a real advantage to be able to examine all the principal makes under one roof and from this variety select the car best fitted to your requirements. You can do this to your satisfaction at either of our Showrooms, and we can supply most of the leading makes on Deferred Payments spread over a period up to *three years*.. Get your car for Easter, NOW !

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A typical example of Hamptons' extra fine Fancy Turkey Carpets. Handsome blue ground medallion and broad border on a ground of rich old gold colour

E. 206. Hamptons' Extra Fine Fancy Turkey Carpets

as illustration herewith.

For softness of colouring, closeness of weaving and great depth of pile, these Carpets cannot be surpassed. The designs and colourings, many of which are specially produced for Hampton & Sons, afford a great variety of strikingly rich effects.

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
8	10	× 8	11	17	6	6	12	10	× 11	1	31	4	0
9	1	× 6	7	13	2	0	13	0	× 10	1	28	15	6
9	3	× 6	3	12	13	6	13	7	× 10	10	32	5	6
9	9	× 6	8	14	5	6	13	10	× 11	7	35	3	0
10	3	× 7	0	15	15	0	13	6	× 11	10	35	1	0
10	7	× 9	0	20	18	0	14	2	× 12	0	37	6	6
10	6	× 7	10	18	1	0	14	7	× 11	9	37	12	0
10	10	× 9	3	21	19	6	14	11	× 12	4	40	7	6
11	4	× 8	4	20	14	6	15	3	× 12	2	40	14	0
11	4	× 9	1	22	11	6	15	2	× 12	5	41	6	6
11	10	× 9	1	23	11	6	15	2	× 13	1	43	11	0
11	10	× 8	3	21	8	0	16	5	× 11	11	42	19	0
12	2	× 9	2	24	9	6	16	0	× 12	5	43	12	0
12	5	× 9	1	24	14	6	16	4	× 12	11	46	6	6
12	6	× 10	0	27	9	0	17	2	× 11	9	44	5	0
12	3	× 12	4	33	3	0	17	5	× 9	9	37	6	6
12	11	× 10	8	30	4	6	18	1	× 13	1	51	5	0

In addition to the sizes specified above there is a great number of others in stock. Rugs in various sizes are also made to match a large proportion of the Carpets.

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ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCK (*as sketch*) in printed floral ninon, skirt composed of leaves of ninon stitched at one side only and finished with rouleaux to tone, giving a very charming effect; fine gauging at waist, full sleeves finished ribbon bow and ends, underslip of pink ninon. In a variety of artistic colours.

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Stitchless or with Cemented Seams.

The Lawn Tennis Association Standard of Deformation required for 1926, is as follows:

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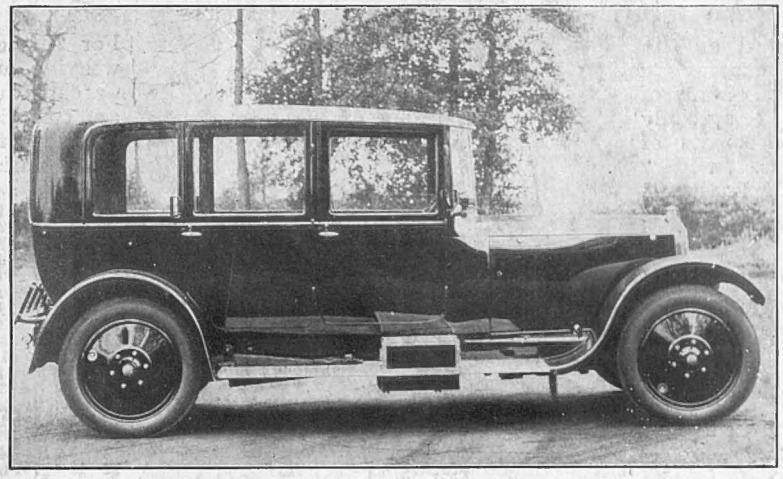
ing to Newlands Corner, up which the Lanchester climbed manfully on top gear, in spite of its heavy load. Thereafter the long easy descent past the Silent Pool to the outskirts of Shere, where the sharp left-hand hair-pin was taken leading to that lengthy vicious hill known as Coombe Bottom. This finishes with a gradient of 1 in 5½ and a sharp hair-pin, but the Lanchester climbed quite comfortably and speedily on second gear. After driving through winding country lanes and over rough surfaces in every comfort, the Lanchester was put at a "Colonial" hill, known as Crocknorth. This has a steep gradient and a bad surface, but again it did not worry the Lanchester.

***

THIS finished our hill-climbing for the day, and the rest of the run was carried out over main roads. The slight increase in the bore which has recently been adopted on the Lanchester has considerably improved its performance, particularly as regards hill-climbing. The engine is powerful, yet smooth and silent. The gears are commendably quiet, while the springing is excellent. A most powerful set of four-wheel brakes is provided, which only require reasonable effort for their operation. The Lanchester is one of those cars which deserves the title of "motor carriage," as its running is so effortless and easy, while the engine scarcely makes its presence felt. In spite of its low rating, the Lanchester engine can cope comfortably with the heaviest of closed bodies. It is a gentleman's car in every particular.

***

ONE of the most magnificent showrooms in London is that occupied by the Car Mart, at the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly. The high-grade cars exposed for sale are thus in a most suitable setting. This company specialises in the sale of quality cars, although, of course, any make will be supplied on request. Should the purchaser desire it, a system of easy payment can be arranged, extending in some cases up to three years. Part-exchanges can be effected, and every purchaser of a car from the Car Mart is entitled to a very full after-purchase service. In order to effect this efficiently large premises are being opened near Bryanston Square, and the whole of the premises in Piccadilly will then be devoted to a sale of new cars. Some idea of the activities of the Car Mart may be gained from the fact that sometimes £75,000 worth of cars are on exhibit at one time, including Rolls-Royce, Sunbeam, Austin, and Hispano-Suiza. Purchasers of a car from such a firm as this are in a happy position, as the vendors are not directly interested in any particular make of car, and can therefore supply one most suitable to the purchaser's requirements with a completely unbiased mind.



READY FOR THE ROAD

The new 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester. It has a six-seat enclosed-drive limousine body

***

THE makers of the Standard car have realised that many purchasers of open two-seaters would much prefer to have a coupé, but are prevented from doing so owing to the increased cost. In order to overcome this difficulty they have now introduced a new coupé body on the 14 h.p. chassis, which supersedes the two-seater. The new model is priced at the same figure as its predecessor, thus the purchaser can obtain a coupé car at a low price.

LITTLE GIRLS'
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AT SPECIAL PRICES

GARDEN FROCK (*as sketch*) for little girls. Knickers to match, made in good quality fancy cotton material. Vest, collar and cuffs are of double white organdi, and it is finished at waist with a narrow belt. In a variety of artistic colours. In sizes for 6 to 10 years.

In size for 6 years. Price **17/6**
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